THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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The COUNTESS DECIDES

by

ROBERT BARR

DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD AND GUERNSEY MOORE

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Swinging Round the Circle With Roosevelt

By William Allen White

FOR half a century it has been usual—one might say fashionable—for American Presidents to "swing around the circle." Naturally, one would expect Americans to become proficient in the conduct of fêtes, with fifty years of experience. But the visit of a President to the average American community lacks something between ninety-four and ninety-seven per cent. of the pomp and splendor and magnificence of the scene on the field of the cloth of gold. Generally speaking, the community visited by a President is a small town, probably under fifty thousand. And usually the conquering hero comes something like this: An hour before train time the crowd begins to gather at the depot—a long, low, rakish-looking craft, red painted and sand coated, with wide eaves and a high platform at the east end on which men may sit swinging their feet. When the crowd gets packed too closely to get its handkerchiefs in comfort, the young man with calico sleeve-guards worms out of the depot, chalks up on the blackboard "Special fifteen minutes late," and retires amid a cataclysm of merry imprecation.

For a while the crowd rests one foot and then the other, and snaps its watches, and climbs on freight cars, and fills coal cars, and covers the depot roof, and looks wearily down the tracks at the horizon. There are twenty false alarms; and at the final "Here she comes!" no one is convinced till the little puff of white smoke rises and later the whistle sounds. As the smokestack emerges from the skyline and the sheen of the headlight flashes, the snare drum of the silver cornet band begins to br-r-r-r-rdum-dum, and as the face of the engineer comes out of the blur of distance the band begins to play Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, with every man jack in the band looking at the train and every soul in the crowd yelling his lungs out. The train roars into the station and does not stop. On goes the train down the track and down the track, with the crowd flowing with marvelous rapidity through the hole the train has made. Finally the engine pulls up at the water-tank a hundred yards from the depot, and while the freight cars and coal cars and the depot roof are moulting their human feathers, a very ordinary-looking man comes out on the rear end of the train and begins talking to the thirty or forty fleet-footed citizens—generally boys—who have kept up with the car. Before the man has got two sentences out of his mouth the crowd has increased to two hundred, and by the time he has spoken a minute he is addressing cheering thousands who stand open-mouthed and breathless listening to his commonplace remarks with gravity, if not awe. If the President talks five minutes the multitude has grown so vast that only the high places of his voice reach the murmuring edge of the crowd, which begins to fringe itself with buggies and country wagons. A young man or two, notebook in hand, stands beside the President, and, by the time the crowd has found its consciousness enough to identify the other notables on the car platform, the engine bell begins to ring, and the President is cutting his remarks off as abruptly as he can and has begun to wave his hand. The train moves slowly, an old chap mounts the guard-rail to tell the President that he knew his father or that he fought with him in the tenth Ohio, or that he wants to shake his hand. There is a proud instant for the veteran, who tumbles awkwardly off the moving car among the small boys following the train; the straggling members of the band have huddled together and are playing America; the crowd is waving hats and hands and parasols; you can hear the buggies cramping and screeching at the rim of the mob; the details of the rear platform are beginning to disappear; the President may still be seen waving his hat at the crowd. The dignitaries who don't care for the crowd have gone in. The President's face has become a white dot on a black spot. The crowd turns away; the fête is over and the workaday world has begun for the little town.

This is repeated a dozen times a day, and for forty days and forty nights. It seems to have no effect on things. It seems a perfectly humdrum and meaningless occurrence, stupid and insignificant. Yet in this way policies are determined and events of real importance inspired. For there is no rhetorical force so potent in American politics as a President at the rear end of a train. From the birth of this generation of voters a President, talking to the people, whether he has talked crops or geography or political economy or the weather or ethics, or demonstrated a geometrical theorem, has brought them to his way of thinking on the tariff or the currency or our foreign policy, and this spring President Roosevelt has converted the nation to his way of thinking on the trust problem, though he has scarcely mentioned it in his speeches. He has given the question what might be called "absent treatment."

The Disappointed Mourners

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Western tour this spring has not differed from the Western tours of other Presidents. There has probably been no more enthusiasm for him than there was for his predecessors, and no less. And yet, though he has not surprised his friends he has grievously disappointed his enemies. They expected this trip to be the rope with which he would hang himself. It is curious, when one doesn't like another, how often one predicts the disagreeable fellow's downfall, and it is astonishing how few predictions come true. The men who dislike Roosevelt naturally assume, because they don't like him, that he is a fool—a human error, by the way—and, assuming him to be a fool, they saw with complacence the opportunity for him to show it. For there is no place where folly crops out in a man as it does when he gets on his feet to say something when he has nothing in particular to say. After a man has made three or four speeches on any subject he is talked out. He can repeat himself or he may drivel. Roosevelt has chosen to say over again the thing he said before. Since the first week of his trip the newspapers have not printed his speeches, except the local papers, and no one has been particularly wiser for the President's repetition. His enemies have not witnessed his downfall; there have been no "untoward symptoms," and he has returned to Washington as much stronger than he was when he went out as any American President ever was, and as any American President ever may expect to be.

But for all this the Western trip of President Roosevelt had its distinguishing features. It differed from other tours of other Presidents "as one star differeth from another in glory." And the distinctive features of this trip are noteworthy. It has happened that practically every President who has toured the country since the Civil War has been an advocate of some theory of prosperity; has promulgated some doctrine that concerned the accumulation of national wealth. Cleveland stood for tariff reform. Harrison and McKinley were the exponents of protection. McKinley also stood for sound money as a means of national grace, and later he preached expansion as a sort of vicarious atonement by which the nation might retain its commercial salvation. But always the post-bellum Presidents have been concerned with the accumulation of riches for the people. Now the good times are here; the prosperity is unquestioned, and the problem that confronts President Roosevelt is one not of the accumulation but of the distribution of wealth. Strikes, trusts, labor unions, mergers and the like are manifestations of the problem of distribution. This problem is rather a new one to Americans—that is, as a practical problem, though, before there was much to distribute, the labor agitators and the socialists, and those academic gentlemen with a statistical turn of mind commonly called cranks, gave the problem a certain irritating speculative interest. But they were crossing the bridge before they got to it and their reflections have not been of much real use, now that the country is face to face with the real situation. And President Roosevelt, starting on his tour this spring, was the first President to set forth pioneering in a social and economic wilderness, with no guide nor compass but his conscience and his common-sense. Not comprehending a conscience and not appreciating his common-sense, it is no wonder that the President's enemies thought he would fall irretrievably.

The economic situation in the country is something like this: The thing called money is plentiful. Capital is seeking investment everywhere. Prices run high and profits are reasonably easy to make in any legitimate venture. Taking advantage of the prosperity, the men who have access to large sums of money have manipulated the stocks of industrial companies and, by throttling competition in some instances and arbitrarily advancing prices of commodities to consumers in other instances, have heaped up profits so lavishly that they have seemed more like unearned increment or bald robbery of the community than legitimate earnings of regular business operations. These combinations are called trusts. Their chiefest evil is that they demand interest of society on stock values that are dishonestly enlarged. The men who form trusts and

batten on them are not industrial creators—as were the rich men of the last generation—but they form a class almost by themselves of shrewd, arrogant, greedy, conscienceless stock-brokers, who seem to have lost much of the wholesome earth-flavor of the "self-made men" who built the railroads, opened the mines, patented the machines, developed the industries and damned the people in the sixties, seventies and eighties. The millionaires of other days were human chaps, of the people and by the people, if not for the people. But the trust magnate is of a different sort. He is exclusive to a degree. He has his private agreement; he receives his private information from private sources about private matters. He rides in his private car over his private railroad, through his private States and Territories, and goes up into his private mountains or upon his private ocean, where he seems to worship his private god, who lets him do things barred from other men and pay the penance of a private contribution to a private charity for a public wrong. Naturally it would be possible for a President, or for any clever man who didn't care much for his country and did care a great deal for himself, to array the people against the trust manipulator, and thereby arouse class hatred and sow jealousy and envy and covetousness and the devil's own seed of sedition and riot. Doubtless the President's enemies expected him to do something of this sort. Because he had been just and because his justice hurt them, they believed him unfair and expected him to be unwise—which is the way of the world.

It was not because of his cunning that President Roosevelt fooled his enemies. He is not particularly shrewd in the foxy sense of the word. He is honest. It was because of his honesty that he disappointed those who looked with pleasure on his tour as the close of his career. There is a curious blindness in the eyes of that part of society which we call, for want of a better term, organized wealth. It cannot see the difference between the man who stands for simple justice, if he touches the purse of wealth, and the man who stands for plunder and threatens to take the whole purse and guillotine him who holds it. So when the President went forth preaching tolerance and temperance and brotherhood, and declaiming against class lines and advocating charity and patience and the fundamental virtues, these men who thought him a Danton were greatly impressed at his shrewdness—which is absurd.

The President's Cleansing Oratory

THESE speeches of the President are not models of diction; they may lack much of being rhetorically perfect. They are not particularly original in thought nor "deep" in philosophy. Yet, considering "the man, the subject and the occasion," these speeches are unique, and if they are not eloquent they are wonderfully material, astonishingly relevant and most competent, as the lawyers put it. Despite the fact that in his whole journey President Roosevelt has scarcely spoken of the trust problem and has offered no solution whatever for its evils, and has not connected his own personality nor his own ambition with any scheme or program to help things in the Government, his very self-effacement, his very lofty appeal for sheer decency, apart from any promise or above any hope of reward, has given him a place not merely in the hearts of the people but in their confidence which no combination of money and politicians can destroy. It will be worth while to look at some of his speeches a moment to see what the President has done.

Before he left Washington he had five or six speeches prepared, which were sent in advance to the members of the various press associations. It is a violation of no confidence to say that these were not epoch-making addresses, and after he left Dakota he got through with them and began talking rather than speechmaking. In this Roosevelt is strong, for he reveals all that is powerful and brave and fine in his own character. He is not an orator. Before an audience spoken language comes from him only after he has squirmed and twisted and screwed up his features. Then short, homely Saxon words and sudsy metaphors drip from him like water from a clothes-wringer. But his words have a cleansing and searching effect on his hearers. Roosevelt binds men to him by his unaffected sanity rather than by his surprising wisdom. He does not dazzle with logarithms, but convinces with the multiplication table. Here is a typical bit of Rooseveltism from his address at Dunsmuir, California:

> "I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well. It is the fact of doing the work well that counts, not the kind of work, as long as that work is honorable. To the true American nothing can be more alien than the spirit either of envy or of contempt for another who is leading a life as a decent citizen should lead it. In this country we have room for every honest man to spend his life in honest efforts; we have no room either for the man of means who in a spirit of arrogant baseness looks down upon the man less well off or for the man who envies his neighbor because that neighbor happens to be better off. Either feeling is a base feeling, unworthy of a self-respecting man. I used the word envy myself just now, but I did not use it in a bad sense. If you use envy in the ordinary sense of the word its existence implies a feeling of inferiority in the man who feels it, a feeling that a self-respecting man will be ashamed to have. If the man is a good American and is doing his work squarely, he need not envy anybody, because he occupies a position such as no one else in any other country, in any other age, has occupied; and because we hold our citizenship so high, because we feel and have the right to feel satisfaction with what our people have done, we should also feel that the only spirit in which to regard any other man who does well is a spirit of kindly regard and good will if he acts squarely; if he does not, then you regard him as a man to feel public scorn and public contempt. . . . From the days of Washington to the days of Lincoln we went onward and upward because the average American was of the stuff that made the nation go onward and upward. We cannot be dragged up; we have got to push ourselves up. All you have to do is to compare what other nations have done with governments founded as ours, the same type of constitution, the same type of laws, which, nevertheless, have failed, have produced chaos, because they did not have the right type of citizen back of the law, the right type of citizen to work out the destiny of the nation under and through the law.
>
> "Of course we need the law; we need even more, the honest and fearless enforcement of the law, enforcement in a spirit of absolute fair play to all men, showing favoritism to none, doing justice to each. We need such laws, such administration of laws, but most of all we need to keep up that for the lack of which nothing else can atone in any people: the average standard of citizenship. In our life what we need is not so much genius, not so much brilliancy, as the ordinary, commonplace, every-day qualities which a man needs in private life, and which he needs just as much in public life."

Again at Portland he said:

> "Once more, not only must there be no line of demarcation among our people on grounds of creed or grounds of sect, but there must be no line of demarcation drawn among them on grounds of class or occupation. There is but one safe rule to follow in public life as in private life, and that is the old, old rule of treating your neighbor as you would like your neighbor to treat you; the old rule of decency, of honesty, of square dealing as between man and man. Just so long as our people keep character, so long as they have the fundamental virtues of decency, of courage, of common-sense, just so long may we rest assured that this country will go onward and upward until it occupies a place among the nations of mankind such as has never before been known since the days when history was first written."

From one end of the country to the other President Roosevelt went preaching the doctrine of individual self-respect and self-restraint and self-help. He used no claptrap. He did not talk about our glorious country, nor ask people to rally around the flag or vote the straight ticket, nor did he hint at the benefits of protection, nor did he insist on the wisdom of maintaining the parity between gold and silver. The patter of the political orator was absent, and the strong note of appeal to all citizens to be unselfish and fair and charitable was found in every utterance. The President might well be called a revivalist, turning men from the avarice and wanton thoughtlessness and meannesses of this day and generation to those things which put men and nations in harmony with "reason and the will of God."

The Consecration Before the Battle

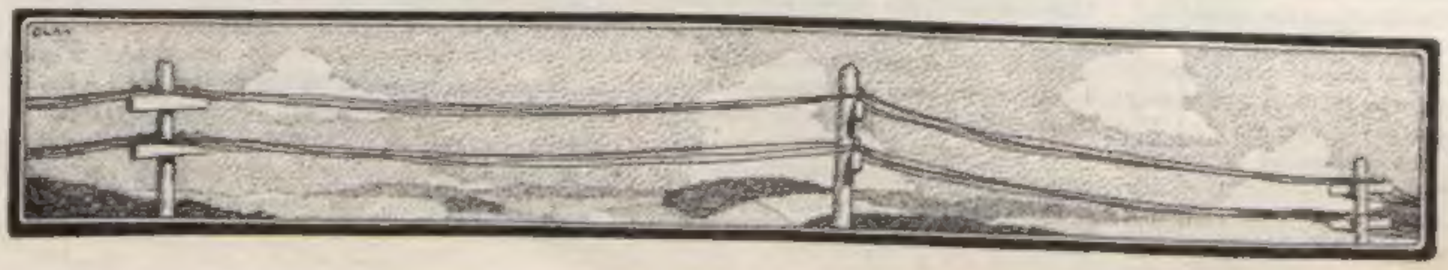
AND thus, despite himself, he has made real and sound public sentiment, to handle the problems of distribution which confront the country in the so-called labor question and the trust question. Problems of prosperity, of accumulation of wealth, must of necessity be handled by sentiment that is fundamentally selfish. Acquisition is selfishness, and men who vote for prosperity do so from self-interest—and properly so. But to handle a problem concerned with the distribution of wealth, men must approach their work in the spirit of abnegation. If greed and selfishness inspire men who are about to grapple with a problem which first of all concerns the rights of others, the result will be a riot call followed by a general looting. And if the country is to solve intelligently and equitably the problems that now confront it, the people of this country must use all the virtues of generosity, of mutual giving and taking, of Christian charity that the American character can call into action. Whether the President knew this, or whether his preaching was one of those unconscious manifestations that truly representative men always disclose, it would be idle to discuss. But this fact no one may question: That just before the battle there has been a moment of consecration, and that, though the fight will be none the less bitter, it will be fair and manly and brave to the end.

It is because of his earnestness and his apparent unselfishness and his lofty purpose that the people, irrespective of party and place, cleave to Roosevelt. It is just because he dares to preach—as he did before the International Young Men's Christian Convention of railroad men at Topeka, Kansas—and to preach Christian love and Christian work, that there are more people who have the feeling of affection, more people who are saying "God bless the President" to-day than have been saying it for a living President since Lincoln's time. The President and what may be called the masses—and by that one doesn't mean the rabble—are in perfect accord. And it is not because he is President, and as President is canny, that the people take Roosevelt to their hearts; there is nothing of either sycophancy or awe for his smartness in the feeling that the people have for him. They like him because he is a man and not ashamed to show it by his words and deeds, by his affections and his aversions; they like him because he is frank and often brusque, because he reveals an appreciable human character which is good and strong. Public men of recent years have kept behind their masks too much, have displayed too much public character and not enough private character; have been the public man—buttoned up, encrusted, statesmanlike, talking like a legal document and acting as circumspectly as a manikin. Such public men inspire admiration; indeed they arouse a kind of worship. But they don't inspire fighting affection.

President Roosevelt is not only a popular man, the ideal American, but he is ex-officio the head of the Government, and can turn the energy of his popularity into a force for good in the Government. There is no more doubt that he will do this, if he can, than that he will breathe when he needs air. The trip through the West was not entirely for the President's health. He went to the people to establish personal relations with the people; not because he was lonely in the White House, but because, in the contest that is coming, he desired the power of the people's trust and faith. The struggle that is coming is going to repeat a world-old struggle, in which there is but one outcome possible with human nature constituted as it is. A glance at the situation will reveal the exact status of things.

The People Against the Barons

HERE is a class of persons controlling vast combinations of capital, ruling the industrial affairs of the country; the people verily believe that these capitalists, who form a kind of aristocracy, are extorting more money from the people in increased prices for commodities than the law of supply and demand, unhampered by manipulation, would justify. By resolutions of commercial clubs and by political platforms innumerable and by newspaper editorials the people are protesting against the injustices of this money aristocracy—let us call it the barons. The people have appealed to the head of the Government—to the ruler of the country, so far as it has one. It is the old fight of the people and the ruler against the barons. And when the ruler has been a clean man, reasonable, wise, fighting in a just cause, he and the people have invariably whipped the barons, and they will do it this time. If the gentlemen who represent the greed and arrogance of high finance and not its sane intelligence dominate its action, and control its course and force a fight, they have the history of such fights through all civilization to warn them of the end. It is written that they cannot win. Money will avail them nothing. Political organization will not give them strength. And the farther they force the fight the farther they will have to walk back and the more they will have to surrender. They can get more in a compromise now than at any other time in the contest. Fair dealing with the President and with the people in matters political will bring more returns to the combinations of capital in violation of law called the trusts, will yield larger and more continued returns, than any other possible investment. All these things the people and the President settled while they were talking together this spring. There is an exact understanding between them. There was no collusion in the matter. No consideration was named by either side. The people did not in terms agree to make Theodore Roosevelt President in return for his loyalty to them. Nothing was said on that question on either side. And yet there is no doubt that in their many conferences on the plain and in the mountain, by the ocean and in gulch and cañon, as they traveled together, the people and their President reached something that might be called "a gentlemen's agreement!"



THE COUNTESS DECIDES

By ROBERT BARR

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THE arrival of the Countess caused a subdued flutter in the society which frequented the edge of the desert. The Ptolemy Park Hotel, as every one knows, occupies a depression in the sand, a short distance from the Great Pyramid. It is rather a fashionable resort, and you may live somewhat better at the Park than on the sand-which-is there, as the ancient humorist remarked. It became known that the Countess of Croydon had taken a suite of rooms at the hotel, and the inhabitants thereof wondered whether they would be permitted a sight of this great lady, for she was said to be extremely eccentric, fairly young, admittedly beautiful and undoubtedly rich. Although she owned a desirable town house she had never occupied it, and London society knew nothing of her personality. At last this mysterious young lady was about to issue from her seclusion and brave the publicity of a popular hotel. Naturally, the guests of the Ptolemy Park were anxious to see a person so much talked of, and bets stood at ten to one that she would not come. The knowing ones, predicting disappointment, said that on several previous occasions the Countess had been announced to appear at certain social functions in London, but invariably had failed at the last moment. Her apartment had unquestionably been taken and rooms were at a premium, because the season had just begun with more than ordinary promise. Cairo was buzzing with excitement over the opening of the great dam at Assouan, and was crowded with distinguished visitors on their way to the ceremony. If Cairo could be likened to a social dam, the Ptolemy Park Hotel might be said to receive the irrigating result of the overflow, and those who had not secured accommodation in advance now applied in vain at the cashier's desk.

The arrival of the Countess was much less imposing than had been generally expected, but then Lord Warlingham himself had come by tram car a few days before, so it was universally agreed that members of the nobility could not always be counted upon to indulge in the display popularly supposed to pertain to their rank. The Countess drove up to the main entrance in an ordinary hotel carriage hired for the trip at Cairo. Her sole attendant was one exceedingly plain maid who inquired tartly of the gold-laced individual who came to open the carriage door if the rooms of the Countess of Croydon were ready, and was obsequiously assured that they were. Gold lace led the way and the Countess, looking neither to the right nor the left, followed. The guests had an excellent view of her, and even the women admitted that she was more than handsome, carrying herself with an air of distinction. They agreed, however, that she was not so young as she appeared to be, and hinted that the plain maid must understand the art of making up in a manner that would do credit to an actress. The next problem was: Would she appear at dinner or would the meals be served in her own sitting-room? The puzzle was solved long before dinner was announced. Every afternoon the denizens of the hotel gathered in the ample hall, in the reading-room, and elsewhere for tea; in fact, for all the difference of living each one might have been at the Metropole in Brighton, rather than at the base of the pyramids. Tea was a joyous festival, with much laughter, gossip and cigarettes in the hall. If you objected to tobacco you enjoyed your cup in the drawing-room.

THE COUNTESS CAME DOWN THE BROAD STAIRWAY WITH SOME SLIGHT DEGREE OF HESITATION

The Countess came down the broad stairway with some slight degree of hesitation, as if she feared the multitude of inquiring eyes about to be turned upon her. A tall gentleman who happened to be passing looked up at her, then paused and actually appeared to be waiting for her. He spoke with a half-laughing diffidence that almost amounted to a stutter, as he fumbled with his eye-glasses.

"Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you I believe we are by way of being related to each other. My name is Warlingham."

The lady stopped on the lower step and a look of startled annoyance came for a moment into her eyes. There was a note of indifference, but nevertheless of inquiry, in her voice when at last she said: "Lord Warlingham?"

"Yes. I think I was not mistaken when I ventured to suggest that our families are connected."

"Very remotely, I fear."

"I am told that the kinship of cousin extends to the forty-second degree," replied his lordship with that depreciatory audible smile of his which gave him the air of a bashful boy, although he must have been well past his fortieth year.

The lady laughed nervously. "I think that when the kinship reaches the forties the adjective remote becomes justified," she said.

"Possibly. Still, as like clings to like, remoteness has affinity for remoteness, and we are so remote from England that I venture to claim our distant relationship as warrant for my escorting you to a tea-table."

The lady descended the remaining step. Her awkwardness at the unexpected encounter vanished, and they walked together down the hall, at that moment thronged with tea drinkers. Every one of the small tables was occupied, but Lord Warlingham guided his fair cousin toward a couple of wicker chairs that were empty, although a lone man sat at the table beside them. Lord Warlingham seemed the most popular person in the assembly; women smiled at him as he passed, and men nodded in cheerful comradeship.

In a low voice his lordship said to his companion, quite with the confidential manner of an old acquaintance:

"Do you care to be introduced to people, or would you rather not?"

"Oh, I don't mind in the least if they are nice people."

"Is the recluse to become the woman of fashion?"

"For the time being, at least," replied the Countess with a slight laugh.

The lone man, when the two approached, rose hastily as if to leave the table to them, but the genial Warlingham begged him to resume his place. Turning to his cousin he said:

"May I introduce to you Mr. Sanderstead, C. E., F. R. G. S. and so forth, with more letters after his name than there are in it. Lady Croydon."

Sanderstead murmured something as he bowed, his dark face flushing as if he resented the flippancy of the introducer. The lady, noticing his gaunt appearance and tanned cheeks, thought that he was likely one of those newly returned from the finished war, but as they all sat down at the wicker table Warlingham rattled on and explained:

"Sanderstead and I represent the two opposite poles of human existence. He has just completed the great Nile dam and is down here to learn what the ancient and honorable pyramids have to say about it. I represent the useless but ornamental pyramid, while he represents the useful but unbeautiful dam. He is the ant, I am the grasshopper. He is the bee and I am——"

"The honeysuckle," broke in the engineer.

"Thanks. I was going to say the butterfly, but I accept the amendment as adding a modern and musical touch."

The Countess seemed to understand intuitively that Sanderstead did not quite relish his lordship's frivolous badinage, so she turned the direction of the conversation, saying to the latter:

"I supposed from an item in the newspaper that you were in Cairo this season."

"Yes, but I left there to get out of the rush that has taken place because of the ceremonies at Assouan. Still, this spot is actually Cairo. The pyramids occupy the relative position with regard to the chief city of Egypt that the Crystal Palace holds with respect to London."

"Really? I hope you haven't fireworks every Thursday night."

"Dear lady, we have fireworks every day from a blazing sun."

"And have you come here to avoid the rush?" she asked of Sanderstead.

"Practically: yes. But not the social rush dreaded by Warlingham. The rush of Nile water has been in my ears this long time past, and I am resting in the eternal silence of the pyramids."

"How romantic!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Indeed, madam, it is nothing of the sort," put forth his lordship. "Sanderstead is troubled with the affliction that haunts the criminal. He flees from the scene of his crime. He has throttled Father Nile and has extinguished the roar that for centuries broke the stillness of the desert. He found a joyous, ambulating, laughing cataract—life embodied in a dancing torrent; he has left in its place a graveyard of motionless waters. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Sanderstead is a murderer."

The engineer smiled grimly, but made no comment on the other's rhapsody.

"Aren't you going up for the opening ceremony?" asked the girl, turning to Sanderstead.

"No. The work is done and that leaves me free for a short time. Now is the opportunity for the ornamental personages, as our friend called them, to take a hand and make speeches. I have been urging Warlingham to go and almost persuaded him, for he cannot work; so he should not be ashamed to do the ornamental."

"Ah, persuasion was possible yesterday; it is out of the question to-day," said Warlingham in a low voice, with a speaking glance at his handsome companion. She, however, asked with candor apparently innocent:

"Why not to-day? Isn't there plenty of time?"

"It is not a question of time," sighed his lordship.

"If it is a question of money, Warlingham, I can help you out. I was paid off, you know," said the engineer.

This was an unkind remark, because his lordship was well known to be in constant lack of the necessity named, so Warlingham flushed slightly and replied with some asperity:

"Thanks, dear boy, but why should I wish to see that curse of so-called modern progress you have placed on a noble river?"

"I didn't curse it; I merely dammed it," replied Sanderstead.

The Countess rose.

"The pyramids have been waiting a long time for me," she said. "I am going out to view them in the afternoon light."

"It will be a case of age before beauty," said his lordship, also rising; "may I accompany the beauty to the age?"

Sanderstead, also standing, took his share of the smile with which the lady favored both, but apparently remembering the adage about three being too many so far as company is concerned, he sat down again when they had taken their departure, muttering to himself:

"A case of beauty and the beast, *I* should say," which showed he was already envious of the good fortune of the nobleman.

Lord Warlingham made the most of his opportunity. When we reach forty we know what we want and lose no time in schoolboy dalliance. He was charmingly urbane, qualified by a slight tinge of sentimentality, and was wide enough awake to see that he made a favorable impression. He regretted that he had not looked up this delightful if very distant relative long since, and he resolved to visit Cairo next day and learn something definite regarding her income even if he had to cable for the information to his legal advisers in London. *They* would know the importance of the facts and the need of their client. Meanwhile, with the deftness of much experience he laid the foundation upon which might be builded either a frivolous flirtation or a serious courtship. It was quite evident that the girl knew as little of fashionable life as if she had just emerged from a convent, and this gave him hope that she had heard nothing of his adventures in quest of an heiress, if she happened to be of a romantic turn of mind, which his slight acquaintance with her caused him to think highly probable.

He regretted that in a heedless moment he had introduced her to Sanderstead, for if his own stay in Cairo was prolonged, or if he went there day after day until his message came from London, he left the field open. If the lady were merely the daughter of a rich nobody he might rely on the glamor of his title to keep her safe during his absences, but the girl had a title in her own right, so one of his chief assets was discounted. He had seen the young lady's eyes sparkle when the great work up the river was mentioned and he noticed the look of interest with which she had regarded this newspaper-famed miracle-worker. It was quite possible that she had some silly notions about men who could do things. Many women had. Besides, he could not conceal from himself the fact that the worn engineer had a certain gaunt, bronzed handsomeness which the women of the hotel admired, and besides, he was ten years younger than Warlingham, although, perhaps, that might not count.

As the days passed the Countess became the acknowledged leader of society at the Ptolemy Park, and the young lady quite palpably enjoyed her reign hugely, which she had every right to do, because her Paris gowns were numerous and resplendent. It was unaccountable that one so well qualified to shine in polite society should have been a recluse for so long, and predictions were freely made that she would never return to her hermit life.

The man who had helped to conquer the Nile allowed no grass to grow under his feet in his attempt to conquer the lady, even if grass grew in the desert, which it did not. The frequent absences of Lord Warlingham, who quite correctly stated that annoying matters of business called him to Cairo, and even to Alexandria, gave Richard Sanderstead opportunities of which he was quick to take advantage. These opportunities vanished when the submarine cable at last fulfilled its destiny. The news was well worth the money it cost, for the lady's income proved to be between £14,000 and £15,000 a year. Even a man with the expensive tastes of Warlingham could do with that, as he remarked to himself. Nevertheless, two words at the end of the cablegram disquieted him. They were, "Wait letter." He wondered what the letter could contain that it needed this courier of caution. Perhaps there was insanity in the Croydon family which might account for the lady's avoidance of publicity. Still she showed no sign of it, and anyhow that would not matter if the money were right. Hard cash has no delusions, whatever may be the mental attributes of its owner. Perhaps, however, the money might be tied up in some annoying manner, which would be a more serious but probably not an insurmountable difficulty. He would chance it and wait no letter. That confounded engineer was making the running and his advances were far from being discouraged by their object. Hang it all, when the letter arrived it might be too late, whereas when he secured her he could always find a way of retreat if the contents of the letter made retreat necessary. The nobility often sued for divorce but never for breach of promise. The latter was a form of litigation monopolized by the lower classes, so he was safe in any case.

The moon was growing older and the nights were becoming like chastened silvery day. The Countess declared that she never before knew what moonlight really was, and Lord Warlingham urged her to view the pyramids as Melrose

"I DIDN'T CURSE IT; I MERELY DAMMED IT"

should be viewed. As the night was chilly he advised wraps, and his attitude was one of fond protection which is not without its influence upon the feminine heart. The moon shone upon the right-hand cheek of the Sphinx, bestowing additional mystery upon that inscrutable face. It lit the eastern side of the Great Pyramid and thither the two bent their steps. Their conference was disturbed now and then by unexpected Arabs who seemed to rise out of the sand to demand contributions, but one glance at his lordship's countenance sent them to earth again. They knew him these many days and had made no money out of him, so even their insistent clamor was stilled when they recognized the Englishman whose imperturbability had always baffled them. Their unlooked-for advent somewhat startled the lady, but Warlingham made some jocular allusion to those classical Johnnies, don't you know, who sprang full armed from the earth like, "I forget the beggars' names," he added, "but you know the chaps I mean," and so the pair came unmolested to the eastern base of the Great Pyramid, and he helped her over broken stone up a step or two, where they sat together facing the distant Nile and the still more distant moon. He sat very near to her, and tried to capture her hand, but at that moment came the necessity of gathering her wraps more closely about her and he gave up the quest for the moment. Even so blasé a man as Lord Warlingham never had a better setting for a proposal than was his fortune in this case. The glamor of the moon filled the lustrous eyes of the lady beside him. Behind them rose this great monument of Egypt's power; Egypt, whose queen was a very goddess of love; Egypt, at one time the treasury of the world, and before his lordship's mind, even at that moment, floated the golden glow of fifteen thousand sovereigns per annum. In front of them stretched the languorous East. Every requirement of situation was satisfied, and, after all, she was deucedly pretty, as his lordship admitted when he glanced sideways at her as she sat near him on the elevated fifth step of the Great Pyramid. The influence of past ages was upon her. She gazed to the east as the Sphinx gazed to the north, and as silently. Hitherto she had spoken almost pertly, one might say, were not such a saying inexcusable when she held the rank she did. A *real* countess cannot speak pertly; a king can do no wrong. Lord Warlingham drew a deep breath as he recognized the perfection of his stage management: a deep breath which he modified into a tender sigh. He wished he knew the girl's Christian name so that he might begin tenderly, but as he was ignorant on that point he was compelled to use her title, which he recognized was bad form, as if a friend had addressed him as "your lordship."

"Countess," he began solemnly, "on our first meeting you held that our relationship was a very distant one."

She almost gasped and the enchantment of the Orient faded from her face as she turned it upon him. A humorous twinkle came into her eyes and somewhat chilled the sentimentality so well modulated in his deep, tremulous voice.

"Well, if we *are* relatives we are certainly very close ones at this moment." Whereat she shifted a little farther along the fifth step toward the south. "To tell the truth, I had forgotten you were here." She laughed lightly.

This might have discouraged a less adept lover, but it merely proclaimed to Lord Warlingham that he must put his best foot forward. It also banished from his mind those two words on the cablegram in his pocket. "Wait letter," which had been rather haunting him during the evening.

"Countess, I was never more serious in my life. We have known each other but a short time, yet this brief period has been to me a—a——"

"An interval of bliss hitherto undreamed in my—in my intercourse with your siren sex. Is that what you wish to say? My dear Cousin Warlingham, is this—*is* this a proposal that is on the way?"

The lady clasped her hands and leaned toward him, the witchery of mischief in her dancing eyes. Lord Warlingham was aghast. He had never met anything like this before. Yet to his credit be it said that he held himself well in hand and did not take quite justifiable offense at the flippant reception of what he knew was a great honor on his part.

"Cousin," he said with a solemnity equal to that of the pyramid behind him, "you are pleased to laugh at me. To me, however, it is the most fateful moment of my existence. I freely admit that I have led a somewhat aimless life. This has doubtless been my own fault. Yet not entirely. If a man has a guiding star, his course through——"

"Oh, I read somewhere that one corner of this pyramid points to the North Star. Do you know if that is true?"

"I must confess I have not the slightest idea."

"Let us find out. It must be one of the southern corners, of course."

She was about to spring from the fifth step but he laid a restraining hand upon hers, which in this instance had not the opportunity to seek refuge in adjusting the wraps.

"Never mind the North Star," he said.

"But it is a fixed star; just the one to be a reliable guide for an erratic man. Are you sure it isn't the star you are longing for?"

"I am quite sure. The star I am longing for shines from your eyes. As I said in the beginning, you spoke of our distant relationship. I wish to make our relationship the closest bond that can bind two human beings together."

"You speak a great deal about our mythical relationship, Lord Warlingham. I have lived all my life in Devonshire; you have lived much of your life in London. Well, the Great Western Railway has a speedy and excellent service. Why did you never look up your lone cousin before?"

"How could I know?"

"How could you know *what?* Did you think we had nothing to eat in the house? Or do you mean that I am so transcendently beautiful and charming—you ought to know that people say I am decidedly eccentric. Some give it a harsher term. What is it you could not know?"

"I could not know that you were the one of all this world for me until I had met you."

"I see." The lady nodded several times while he gazed at her with ill-concealed apprehension. "This, then, *is* a proposal, as I suspected. Well, I have never before had a proposal, and naturally I am somewhat at a loss how to act. I am, nevertheless, delighted to think that the first time I have appeared, as it were, in public I have been honored by so distinguished a person as Lord Warlingham."

"I ask you to be my wife. What is your answer?" His lordship was piqued by her nonchalant reception of what she had described as an honor, and not being a schoolboy, as has been remarked, he thought it best to bring the question to a definite issue.

"Should a person answer immediately? It is so important, you know. In penny novelettes they always ask for time. Do you ever read penny novelettes?"

"No," he replied gruffly.

"They are *very* interesting."

"I suppose they are." For the first time during this unsatisfactory conversation the fear penetrated through his lordship's armor of self-conceit that this accursed dam builder had won the fortune while he was waiting for information regarding its extent. He leaned over toward her and said in a low voice:

"Am I too late?"

"I don't think so," she replied brightly, glancing up at the moon which had risen perceptibly since they had taken their seats. "It cannot be more than half-past ten or perhaps eleven. But don't you think it is getting more and more chilly?"

"Yes," said his lordship with a sigh that was genuine. "It has been chilly from the first."

The Countess laughed merrily.

"Does that refer to me or to the thermometer? You are rather bright—at times. You remind me of the moon—the glorious moon. There is a compliment for you. Do you remember that song in Pinafore—

> Fair Moon, to thee I sing,
> Bright regent of the heavens?"

"Yes, I remember it," he replied gloomily, "and in the words of the last two lines of your verse, I wonder why everything is at sixes and at sevens."

"How long ago Pinafore seems," she said with a sigh, folding her hands on her lap. "I suppose it is the pyramids that call it to mind."

"Madam, you have not answered my question."

"Neither I have. I shall make up for the delay by giving you choice of two answers. The first is 'no'; the second is 'wait.'"

"Why should I wait?"

"No reason at all. Then 'no' is your answer."

"That is a very good reason, so I shall wait."

"Just as you please. Let us get to the hotel, or even my chaperonage will not protect you from gossiping tongues. Come."

Before he could move to her assistance she had run lightly over the rocky declivity and was standing on the sand awaiting his more cautious descent. Then they walked back to the hotel together.

The result of this conference was exceedingly unsatisfactory to Lord Warlingham, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it. On several following nights he tried to induce the Countess to accompany him again to their former trysting place, but the lady seemed to have lost interest in the moonlight. One evening she had dinner served in her own room, and although he waited for her in the hall she did not put in an appearance. He went to table d'hôte alone and afterward searched in vain for the lady. He thought, at first, that she had not come down, but as he wandered about the place he noticed that Sanderstead also was missing, and he muttered maledictions under his breath. At this moment a waiter approached and handed him a letter, which he tore open and read with some eagerness; then he stared out of the window upon the moonlight road.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he said.

His impatience fell away from him like a discarded cloak and he sat down in one of the armchairs, lighting a cigar.

"Just in the nick of time," he muttered with a sigh of great relief.

. . . . . .

The Countess, after an early dinner, slipped down the stair, through the hall and out of the hotel. All the guests were at table d'hôte and she hoped thus to depart unseen. But on this occasion she had to do with a man of mathematical mind who left nothing to chance, as did the easy-going Warlingham. As the waiter placed a plate of chicken before Richard Sanderstead he whispered unheard by even the next neighbor. "Just gone out, sir." Sanderstead rose at once and very quietly left the chattering table. Half a dinner is better than no meal.

The Countess walked straight south across the desert, looking neither to the right nor the left, deep in thought with head down. It was a rough road, yet she walked fast. Once or twice she half thought she heard other footsteps than her own, and at last a distinct crunch on the gravel brought her suddenly out of her reverie. She turned quickly and stood still, startled. The moonlight fell full on the spare figure and swart, determined face of the man at that moment in her mind.

"Why are you following me?"

"Because your excursion, unwise in daylight, is doubly dangerous at night," replied Sanderstead.

"Who made you my guardian?"

"I am self-appointed."

"I ask you to return."

"Willingly, if you come with me."

"I refuse."

"Then so do I."

"Do you mean to say that you will force your company on me when I forbid it?"

"I shall not force my company on you, but I'll follow you to Khartum if you go that far."

"A gentleman would not do so."

"Some would and some wouldn't. All depends."

"I wish to be alone with my thoughts."

"I shall not disturb them. I didn't begin this conversation."

"Oh, very well," she replied with offended dignity, turning from him and walking rapidly to the south again, as if she hoped to outdistance him, but he kept the space undiminished between them with no show of effort. They had gone thus perhaps a mile when Sanderstead sprang forward and past her. Before she could protest she was somewhat taken aback by seeing a horseman emerge at a gallop from behind a sand dune and draw up before them, the beautiful horse, at a word, bracing its slender forelegs and standing like a bronze statue. The Arab had his rifle ready, but catching the gleam of Sanderstead's revolver he placed his own weapon peacefully athwart the saddle. Sanderstead spoke quietly in Arabic, and the horseman answered with something more of deference in his tone than his attitude had at first betokened. Sanderstead strode forward and patted the lovely arched neck of the horse, complimenting its owner on its possession. With a touch of the heel and a sweeping salutation the Arab disappeared as speedily as he had come.

"What did he say?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, he just asked the way to Piccadilly Circus."

The Countess drew herself up, and as the moonlight now flooded her he saw the deep frown that marred her fair face.

"Sir, you are insulting. If you think because we are alone you can treat me like a child you are mistaken."

"Alone!" he laughed, then checked himself. "By Jove, you *do* look like a countess, after all!" he cried with unfeigned admiration, as he gazed upon the girl. Her defiant manner changed instantly.

"What do you mean by *that?*" she gasped.

"It was merely an expression of my esteem for you. I think it is time to turn, you know. We will leave Khartum for another night."

"You expected me to lose myself, but you forget we are in a land that has pyramids for finger-posts."

"Where are they?"

She swept a glance around the northern horizon. Although the moon shone with undiminished brightness, the air in the distance seemed thickened, or else she had traveled farther than she thought. There were no pyramids in sight.

"I'll soon lead you to them," cried the Countess undaunted.

And she did. When their dim outline appeared she pointed in triumph, crying, "There!"

"You followed your shadow," he said; "an excellent guide until the moon gets low. I've been following a shadow, too, which I wish to change into substance. Countess, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"How abrupt you are, and what a stand-and-deliver tone! Is that because you carry a pistol?"

"I am not nearly so abrupt as you imagine. I have been meditating this appeal for a long time, and as the pyramids begin to appear my opportunity begins to vanish."

"You know nothing of me."

"I know enough."

"That does not sound in the least complimentary. I will give you an answer as abrupt as your question. Yes, I will marry you—if you are rich."

"WELL, IF WE ARE RELATIVES WE ARE CERTAINLY VERY CLOSE ONES AT THIS MOMENT"

"If I am rich? Are you so fond of money as all that?"

"Ah, I said you knew nothing of me."

"Let us sit down here and discuss the question."

In the desert are numerous hollows, some deep and some shallow. On the edge of one of these they sat down in the sand, like a pair of children at the seaside.

"Rich!" he reiterated. "What do you call rich?"

"I don't know," she answered dreamily, her chin resting on her hand.

"Are *you* rich?" he asked.

"Don't you know I am?"

"I have heard it so stated."

"Then why did you ask?"

"I wished to learn your idea of riches. How much have you got?"

"I don't know," she repeated in the same nonchalant tone.

"You have some idea. Make a guess."

"One hundred thousand pounds," she hazarded.

"Oh, is that all. I have a hundred and twenty thousand."

"Have you really?"

"That is to say, for the past five years or so I have earned an average of £3000 per annum. That equals the income of £120,000 or thereabouts in consols."

"Oh, that's not quite the same thing. If a bridge you were building collapsed upon you there was an end of your hundred and twenty thousand."

"The bridges I build don't collapse."

"I am *so* glad."

"But banks containing money do. I think we're about equal on the money question."

"I don't really care about riches, yet they have been the bugbear of my life. I distrust every one. I refuse to be married for my money, therefore I demand equality of wealth. I thought this little dip into society, such as it is, might dissolve my difficulties. It has not done so."

"Why don't you give your money away?"

"I know something of the comfort of wealth, and I don't know the value of what I might get in exchange. It would be a case of flying to others that I know not of."

"Look at me and see if you think it would be worth while."

"How conceited you are! I have been doing nothing else but look at you."

"And the distrust continues?"

"Not while I look. If I gave my money away, what could I do until the undoubted man came along?"

"You would make an admirable actress."

The chin raised from her hand, and the dreamy expression gave place to one of alert alarm.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you are so beautiful the whole theatre would fall in love with you."

"I don't believe that is what you mean."

"I assure you it is. Don't let money stand between us. Tie it up in a hard knot so that I can't touch it, and marry me."

"Excellent plan! As if the man I married could not get every penny he wanted from me. However, I'll think over it and let you know. Come; we must be journeying."

"Better take the plunge now, Countess."

"No. I distrust—myself. Here we are building on a foundation of sand; surely an engineer knows how unstable *that* is; and we are constructing a house of moonbeams, also unsubstantial. I must think in the clear light of day and in a modern room furnished by Maple. Come along."

In the hall of the hotel she met Lord Warlingham pacing up and down. She had asked Sanderstead to allow her to enter the hotel alone, which, somehow, the young man regarded as an encouraging omen. Warlingham stopped in his perambulations and faced her. The usual welcoming smile on his lips was absent.

"Madam," he said, "I wish a few words with you in private."

"Not to-night," she almost whispered, shrinking from him.

"It must be to-night and now," he said harshly. "If you imagine that it is to be a repetition of my proposal you may calm your fears. It is a matter of business."

"Very well. Come to my sitting-room."

They went upstairs together, her waiting-maid following her with the wraps, and glancing sourly at her escort.

"I wish to speak with you alone. Please ask your maid to leave the room."

"You may speak quite freely before Parker. Won't you sit down?"

But his lordship remained standing. The Countess sank into an armchair with a sigh of weariness.

"It shall be as you please, but I advise you to hear me alone. Servants gossip."

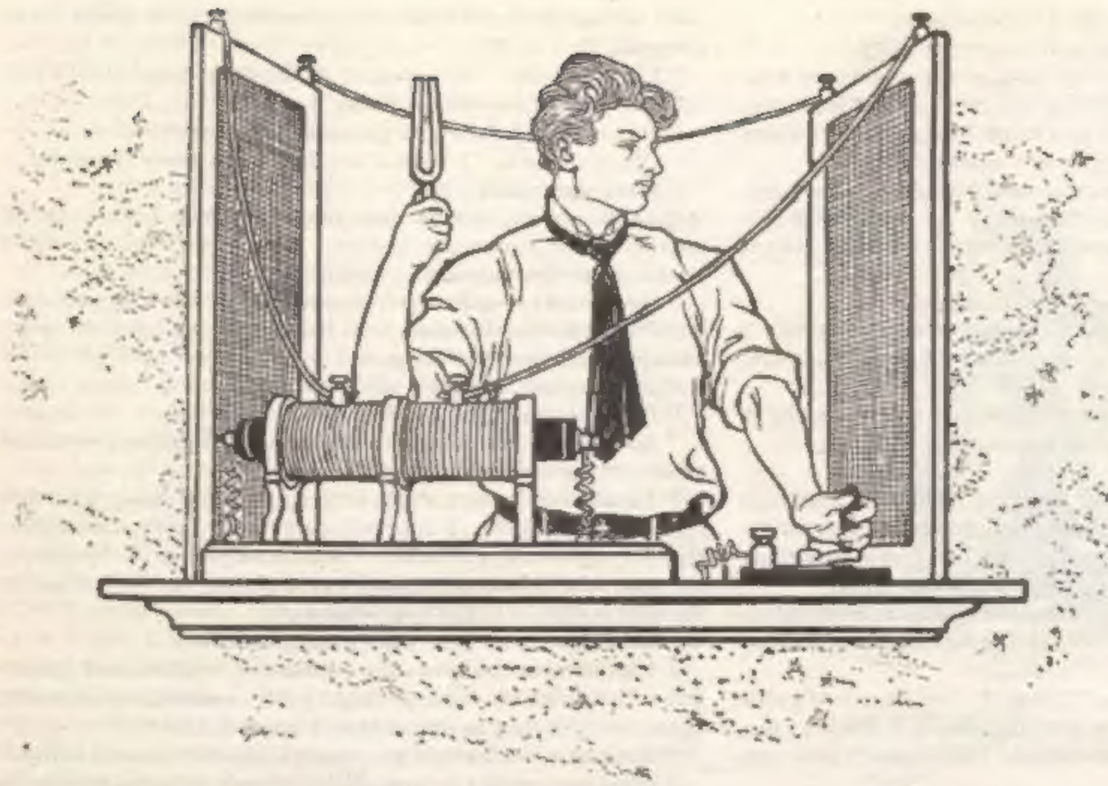
"Parker never does," said the girl, with her eyes closed.

And, indeed, Parker looked forbidding enough as she stood behind the chair of her mistress, seeming the last one on earth to indulge in confidences.

"I have received a letter from London and with your permission will read an extract:

> It is well known that the Countess intended to winter in Egypt, but we are credibly informed that she changed her mind at the last moment, as she has so often done before, and we believe she is still at her place in Devonshire. If there is any one in Cairo calling herself the Countess of Croydon her claim to that title should be subjected to critical scrutiny.

(Continued on Page 18)



MOSQUITO MUSIC

A New Method of Extermination Which Takes Him Singing to His Death

By HAROLD BOLCE

IN MAKING experiments for the purpose of developing new and effective methods of fighting mosquitoes, practical application has been made of the remarkable discovery that a certain musical note raised to a great number of vibrations per second will cause these insects to experience sudden and complete paralysis. Not only does this intensified note arrest the mosquito in flight or hurl it from ceiling or wall, but also, because of a strange construction of the insect's auditory system, it causes the mosquito to plunge undeviatingly toward the spot whence the music issues.

Hence, by sounding this note and arranging a paper screen or any receptacle in the immediate vicinity of the musical instrument, all the mosquitoes in a room or house, and, in fact, all of these insects within the radius of the undiminished sound-wave, may be caught and destroyed. A scientific electrician has invented a screen charged with sufficient voltage to electrocute the insects as they are thus precipitated.

In the series of investigations leading up to this phenomenal discovery of the potency of certain sound-waves, scientists have learned that in ability to detect the direction whence sound issues the mosquito is unequaled in the entire animal kingdom, the insect's auditory acuteness in this regard surpassing by far that of the human ear.

From each of the twelve joints of a mosquito's antennæ radiates a whorl of fibrils whose length is three hundred times their diameters. These fibrils, which are remarkably elastic, are attuned to catch sounds ranging from middle C to high C. These facts have been disclosed by experiments which also develop the phenomenon that the sensitive auditory system of mosquitoes serves the purpose of enabling them to locate their mates in the darkness of night.

By cementing live mosquitoes with shellac to a plate of glass held horizontally, it was possible to test the effect of certain sounds upon the external portion of the insects' auditory system. By sounding a Ut_3 tuning-fork producing two hundred and fifty-six vibrations a second an amazing response was produced in certain fibrils of the mosquitoes. Higher and lower harmonics of this note also affected the auditory fibrils, but intermediate notes made little impression. In other words, a Ut_3 tuning-fork, producing one hundred and twenty-eight vibrations a second (one-half as many as are caused by the first fork), would exert a far greater influence upon the fibrils than a Mi_3 fork, producing six hundred and forty vibrations a second, which sum is not a multiple or harmonic of the other two. In some instances fibrils were found to be so delicately attuned to notes produced by the Ut_3 fork that they vibrated through eighteen divisions of the micrometer, whereas sounds which were not harmonics of that note, although giving forth more than double the number of vibrations to the second, scarcely made a visible impression.

The Mosquito's Delicate Attunement

THE practical application of these ingenious experiments has been effected by raising to a far greater number of vibrations the second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. This intensified note was produced by sudden electrical impulse upon a musical instrument, whereupon the astonishing discovery was made that every mosquito in the room had plunged headlong to the instrument. Windows were then opened and the room was soon filled. Again the amplified note was sounded, and instantly in a cloud the mosquitoes, apparently lifeless, were precipitated against the apparatus. It is not alone the sensitiveness of the whorls of fibrils in receiving certain sounds that makes the mosquito so susceptible, but also the tiny creature's special network of nerves for the transmission of the shock. Through the medium of the nerve of the antennæ, beginning at the cerebral ganglion and connecting with branch nerves sending out ramifications in company with the large trachea, sound-vibrations of the character employed in the experiments are instantly communicated to every portion of the mosquito's system. The mosquito is, in other words, thoroughly alert to catch its companion's notes, and so, at the sudden sounding of the note, which, in reality, was an intensified reproduction of some special call in the mosquito song, there resulted the instantaneous plunge of the insects against the musical device.

It was found, moreover, that it was not mere concussion nor volume of sound per se that prostrated the mosquitoes, for the clanging of a bell, much louder in tone, but of a different note, or the discharge of a gun, had no effect. The condition of temporary complete paralysis was manifestly produced by a spasmodic effort of the mosquito's auditory system to respond to the note to which it is by nature attuned, but the sound came with so sudden an intensity that absolute prostration ensued for the time being.

The fact that the mosquitoes were involuntarily and spasmodically attempting to respond to the magnified note of the call peculiar to this family of *Diptera* is believed to explain, also, why they were hurled with far greater force than gravity alone could exercise upon the body of an inert insect.

How to Give Mosquitoes Nervous Prostration

DISCOVERING that mosquitoes lured and prostrated by certain notes of high vibration were not killed, but simply stunned, and that after the cessation of the tone they would gradually revive and be ready anew to attack victims, arrangements were made to catch them with adhesive fly-paper as they fell. This proved to be very simple and effective. Pursuing the experiments further for the purpose of devising a method of mosquito slaughter that should prove more pleasing to the eye, it has been found practicable to electrocute the mosquitoes as they hurl themselves toward the musical instrument.

This part of the unique method of mosquito extermination consists of a wire screen, similar to a window-screen with the frame removed and mounted on a board. Numbers of wire nails driven between the meshes are connected by electric wires, by which arrangement one electrode of an induction coil is provided, the opposite electrode being formed by the wire screen itself.

Ready now to proceed to the electrocution, the operator presses a button which sounds the note whose vibrations have such potent effect upon mosquitoes and simultaneously turns on a current to the screen spread across the musical instrument. Instantly every mosquito in the room is dashed upon the screen and electrocuted.

As long as these notes were repeated and the windows of the room kept open, mosquitoes continued to be lured to their death from the outside, until the electric screen became a veritable insect abattoir. It was found that the mosquitoes would lunge, rather than fly, as they neared the source of the sound impelling them.

That this novel method of mosquito warfare could be conducted successfully in the open on a large scale, especially at night when mosquitoes are afloat, there seems to be little doubt in the minds of experimenting scientists.

"Science has made wonderful progress since the French failed in their efforts to construct the Panama Canal," said Major J. R. Kean, of the office of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army. "One of the chief causes of the discouragement which finally contributed to the failure of that gigantic enterprise was the impossibility of successfully combating the plague of yellow fever. In spite of the popular apprehension to-day the scientific branches of the United States Government look forward to the construction of the Isthmian Canal as an opportunity to demonstrate to the world that the scourge of yellow fever and malarial fever may be absolutely conquered.

"I am making no chimerical statement when I say that yellow fever can never more gain a foothold in any part of the world over which American authority can be exercised or invoked. The last case of yellow fever in Cuba was cured in April, 1901. Since then that pestilence, which for ages has terrorized the islands of West India, has not recurred. In my opinion this triumph over that hitherto fatal epidemic is one of the greatest achievements in history.

"To-day medical men, entomologists and progressive scientists the world over accept the truth that yellow fever is transmitted by a genus of mosquito. If the sanitary work incident to the construction of the Panama Canal is placed under the charge of the United States Army, we shall organize our system upon the latest scientific plan. The French sought to limit the ravages of yellow fever by isolating victims and carefully destroying supposedly infected clothing and household articles, and fumigating houses from which victims of the plague had been removed. From time immemorial this had been the approved method of fighting fever, and up to two years ago these precautions were recommended by American scientists in their investigations. Notwithstanding all endeavors upon the part of French surgeons and physicians, the mortality of workmen engaged in canal construction was appalling. Thousands of laborers were shipped in to fill up the ranks thinned by yellow fever. But as the system of fighting it was based on a total ignorance of its etiology, the greater the number of recruits the greater was the list of victims.

"Our program will be not to fight the disease by disinfection, for that is unnecessary and of no avail. Yellow fever is not contagious. If a case of yellow fever develops we shall send members of our corps at once to the house or tent where the patient is, and destroy all the possibly infected mosquitoes of the place by burning pyrethrum powder.

"The next step will be to convey the patient to the hospital. No isolation, further than to place him in a bed fixed inside a big wire cage with a five-millimeter mesh, is necessary. By preventing the mosquitoes from attacking the patient, all danger of spreading the malady will be avoided."

All the prophylactic measures which the medical men of the Government will introduce in connection with the construction of the Panama Canal will be based not on theory but successful practice in the West Indies. Other scientists agree with Major Kean in regarding the Isthmian problem as a simple one, and even predict freely that the entire world will very soon be freed from the scourge of yellow fever.

The Kerosene Warfare Against Wrigglers

WHAT will greatly assist in extending belief in the efficacy of the kerosene warfare on mosquitoes is a discovery made in experiments conducted at Washington by the Government entomologist, Dr. L. O. Howard, in regard to the breathing habits of mosquito larvæ. Opponents of the kerosene campaign have pointed out, erroneously it seems, that the oil would not necessarily kill the larvæ, inasmuch as it remained on the surface, while the mosquito-wrigglers could and would develop under water.

Experiments show that though the various species of *Culex*, such as *Culex pungens*, *Culex pertubans*, *Culex sollicitans* and others of this genus, get their food under water, they are very dependent on constant supplies of oxygen, coming to the surface about once every minute to breathe.

In coming to the surface of water subjected to applications of petroleum the mosquito encounters a film of oil. Unable usually to pierce this, the strange spectacle is presented of an aquatic insect drowning in its own habitat. Science is now, with kerosene treatment of waters, meting out death by drowning to countless billions of these free-swimming larvæ.

In the event of the wriggler worming its way through the film of petroleum, it either is overcome and killed by the aroma of the oil which thus acts as an ordinary insecticide, or the actively breathing larva draws a drop of oil into its trachea, which produces inevitable suffocation.

It is by these latter processes, and not by drowning, that the larvæ of *Anopheles maculipennis* and other species of this malaria-transmitting genus perish. The young of this variety of mosquito, so dangerous to the health of human beings, feed exclusively on the surface, taking no chances at being shut off from the large supply of oxygen indispensable to their development.

This pestilent genus is, therefore, the first to succumb to kerosene applications.

Reports coming into Washington show that the campaign against the mosquito is becoming national in its scope. Many municipalities have either passed or are about to enact mosquito ordinances to compel inhabitants to make scientific warfare upon the insects. In the District of Columbia a person who permits a pool to remain on his premises is subject to a fine of from five to fifty dollars. In some localities in the United States certain days in the month, usually the first and fifteenth, have been set apart as oil days, when ponds and sluggish streams are to be treated with kerosene. Mayors of cities in attempting to introduce mosquito regulations have, in some places, met with public ridicule, but they are persisting in their efforts, and by conducting experiments are demonstrating that the mosquito army of any neighborhood may be subjugated. Public opinion is, therefore, gradually coming around to the practicability of the undertaking. Some cities have appointed inspectors whose duties are to locate mosquito-breeding waters and see that the owners thereof apply the insect-destroying petroleum oils.

Society, also, has voluntarily taken up the work of mosquito extermination, and "mosquito luncheons" and "mosquito teas," at which crusades are organized and methods of attack discussed, have been given. Mr. William C. Whitney, at the Sheepshead Bay Club, very recently gave a mosquito luncheon at which the necessity of organizing to fight mosquitoes at American watering-places was discussed.

Science Formerly Extolled Mosquitoes

ONE of the most interesting things in modern scientific progress is that up to a few years ago it was believed that the mosquito, instead of spreading malaria, helped to check it. Therefore the insects, though acknowledged to be irritating, were classed among beneficial species.

As late as 1888, in a work on natural history written by a corps of learned men, it was announced that the larvæ of mosquitoes, in devouring decaying vegetation, were checking the spread of the miasma which otherwise would arise from these decomposing particles, and as miasma then was believed to be the source of malaria, voracious larvæ were extolled as beneficial scavengers.

To understand the scientific story of mosquitoes and malaria, one should keep in mind that malaria is caused by a little parasite of the order of protozoans, which inhabits the blood and devours its corpuscles. It is, therefore, a microörganism, or animal, and not a plant, as are the bacteria of many diseases.

The great significance of the mosquito discovery in regard to malaria is, as explained by the medical men of the army who have led the scientific world in these practical methods of controlling fevers, that if all the mosquitoes in the world, of the disease-transmitting genus, were destroyed, malaria would speedily become extinct. Experiments prove that the minute malarial protozoan cannot, unaided, develop into full maturity in the human system.

When a mosquito of the genus *Anopheles* bites a person whose blood is surcharged with these minute creatures, some of the protozoans are swallowed by the insect. Now a strange event takes place. In that mosquito's system the malarial microörganisms, which in the body of a human being would not attain full development, begin to grow amazingly until, in the course of a few days, they become five times their former size. At one point in their career of development they are known as zygotes, and next as blasts. Arriving at a state of maturity, still in the mosquito's body, they select their mates.

In other words, the body of the mosquito of the genus *Anopheles* is the fireside where the malarial protozoan grows to maturity and where he rears his pestilent brood. After this, the next person that mosquito bites becomes inoculated not with the forms of the original malarial parasite, but with the fully developed protozoa, virulent and voracious, and prepared fully to levy on the vitality of the victim.

How Mosquitoes Travel

FOR years a number of summer resorts have been able to boast of the absence of mosquitoes, but the construction of railways to carry thither pleasure-seekers lured by promise of immunity from these troublesome pests has afforded the insects facilities for invading the hitherto favored regions. Shortly after the railroad reached a seaside watering-place which had been extolled as a favored region unafflicted by mosquitoes, the workmen engaged in the parks, whose signs bore the legend "No Mosquitoes," had to go about with their heads enveloped in netting to protect them from the voracious attacks of the newly-arrived insects. The spectacle had "a very discouraging influence upon visitors," says Doctor Howard. To redeem the reputation of the resort, a few barrels of crude petroleum were scattered on the beach marshes. Mosquitoes disappeared for a time, but the place changed hands and the new owner, regarding the kerosene program as an absurdity, neglected to continue it, and mosquitoes have now returned en masse. One city in West Virginia was accidentally purged of mosquitoes. An oil pipe-line was constructed across the river a mile above the town, and enough petroleum dropped from the pipe into the water to slaughter the mosquitoes which formerly bred in numbers in the stream. Now the people of that city rarely encounter one of the insects.

Mosquitoes are not migrants. Their invasion of new countries is made possible by their taking passage in cars or vessels. In the Hawaiian Islands, where this insect is now a serious pest, it was unknown up to 1826. Before that time, it is claimed, there was no word in the Hawaiian language for mosquito. In that year a vessel landed at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, from San Blas, Mexico. On the night of its arrival, a native informed the late Dr. D. Baldwin, the missionary in charge of the Lahaina station, that a new fly, a singing fly, had bitten him. Not long after the missionary heard a strain which he recognized as that of the mosquito. It was the first time its sinister song had ever been heard in those islands.

Later it was introduced into other parts by ships hailing from the Pacific Coast, but it is interesting to learn that, although the insect multiplied and made life intolerable at times in the immediate vicinity of these ports, it did not travel afield until the developing means of communication enabled it to migrate.

Since the American occupation transportation facilities are offering the mosquito ready opportunity to extend its dominion. As a result of growing inter-island communication, every region in the Hawaiian group has either been invaded or is in danger of invasion, and as the imported insects include the species that transmits yellow fever, the question of how to combat mosquitoes has suddenly become one of serious importance in these new insular possessions of the United States.

Since the public has been informed that mosquitoes transmit malaria and yellow fever, numerous requests have been made upon Doctor Howard, the Government entomologist, the officers of the Marine Hospital Service, and medical men of the Army and Navy, for information as to the best and latest methods of fighting adult mosquitoes. These requests come not only from permanent residents of mosquito-ridden localities, but also from city people contemplating summer trips to seaside or mountain.

There has lately been recommended in this country a method of attack which, it is said, the Chinese have used with success for many centuries. They make little bags, fill them with pine or juniper sawdust mixed with brimstone and arsenic, and coil them into the form of snakes. These are then set afire, creating, it is claimed, widespread mortality among the mosquito genera. These fiery mosquito-slaying dragons may be purchased at the rate of six cents a hundred.

After trying many remedies, the Surgeon-General of the United States Army has adopted as the most effective weapon the ground-up flowers of the pyrethrum plant. The powder should be rolled into a cone, placed on a plate or piece of tiling and set afire. The fumes, which are not harmful to man or the higher animals, and which, in fact, are not even offensive, smelling not unlike incense at a Chinese altar, will kill all the mosquitoes in a room or tent.

Italian scientists experimenting in mosquito-haunted swamps near Rome announce the discovery of a larvicide which has the additional value of affording a sure death to aërial mosquitoes. Subjected in Washington to chemical analysis, this has turned out to be dinitrocresol, a yellow aniline color, the burning of a small quantity of which will kill all the mosquitoes in a room. Like pyrethrum, it is not injurious to people. Chlorine gas, sulphuric oxide and the vapor of chloral are effective, but the last is exceedingly unsafe to use.

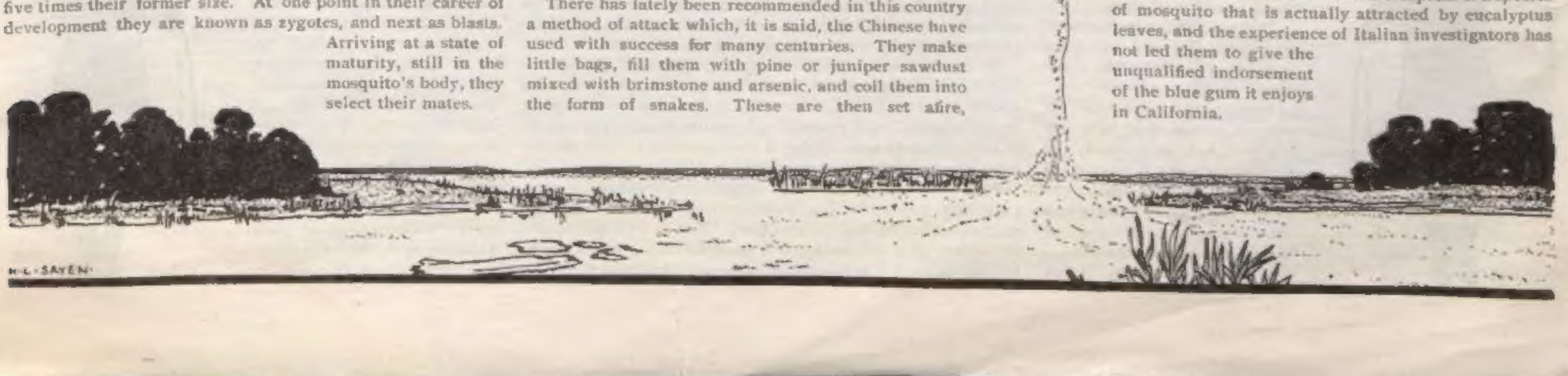
A London firm which advertised not long ago for mosquito remedies received an amazing variety of prescriptions. One experimenter reported that he had found that anointing the skin with three parts of refined paraffin mixed with one part of crushed camphor would afford protection. Cotton soaked in oil of cloves and hung on the bed curtains was also recommended. One correspondent who ventured to furnish only his initials advocated as an efficient remedy the placing of a juicy uncooked beefsteak near the bed on retiring. Scientists have not indorsed this program.

The oils of peppermint, lemon juice and vinegar have been recommended, and camphor, if rubbed on the face and hands, discourages the mosquitoes, but only for a limited time, for when its fumes lose their potency the insects return to the attack. Oil of tar, citronella and lavender are also used by some with success, and one experimenter is convinced that the best possible preventive is a mixture of castor oil, alcohol and oil of lavender, to be rubbed on the skin. Experiments show that among the odors camphor, garlic, nutmeg, menthol, turpentine and iodoform all have their virtues; and that the fumes of quassia wood and chrysanthemum powder are efficacious in some localities.

A traveler who has encountered mosquitoes in South Africa, where eucalyptus trees have been transplanted from Australia, writes that he found eucalyptus oil a sovereign remedy for the insects. He claims that if the skin be rubbed with the oil of this remarkable tree and the pillow saturated at night, mosquitoes will not approach the sleeper. From California, where this tree is grown in many sections, reports come that mosquitoes are never found in eucalyptus groves. In some Southwestern localities these immune eucalyptus woodlands are in the midst of regions all other areas of which are grievously afflicted. Travelers overtaken at night in mosquito-haunted willow patches hurry to eucalyptus groves, arriving there not infrequently bitten and blotched almost beyond recognition. Once in the shelter of the gum trees the travelers enjoy absolute security from mosquito attack. These havens of refuge are extolled by scientists and laymen alike in many countries, and where eucalyptus branches are available they are being used as room decorations and bed canopies to keep mosquitoes away.

It is claimed that eucalyptus oil is equally efficient, but its cost, which is usually about one dollar an ounce, is against it. An official in Washington was informed a few days ago that this oil would prove effective in repulsing mosquito assaults. Having in mind the rates paid for kerosene, the gentleman armed himself with a quart bottle and asked the druggist for ten cents' worth of eucalyptus oil. The pharmacist managed to suppress his amusement. When the purchaser got his bottle it did not contain enough oil to cover the bottom.

The testimony from all countries in regard to the efficacy of the eucalyptus remedy is not, however, unanimous. Mexican naturalists complain of a species of mosquito that is actually attracted by eucalyptus leaves, and the experience of Italian investigators has not led them to give the unqualified indorsement of the blue gum it enjoys in California.



MONEY TO GIVE AWAY

How Lord and Lady Bountiful, Out of Pride, Ignorance and Sloth, are Making Paupers

By David Graham Phillips

THERE is a story of a rich woman—an Austrian, perhaps—who was chilled through by a long drive on a bitter winter day. "Make a huge fire in my sitting-room," she said to a servant as she entered her country house, "and order wood distributed to the poor of the villages." She sat by the huge fire for ten minutes, then rang the bell. "Never mind about distributing that wood," she said to the answering servant. "The weather seems to have moderated."

The theory back of this story is the popular one: that the great comfort of great wealth hardens the rich, makes them insensible to privation. The fact is the reverse—at least so far as New York City is concerned. Nowhere in America are the discomforts of poverty so exaggerated as in the palaces of the New York very rich. And so eager are the men as well as the women for opportunities to exercise their emotions over poverty and destitution that they are rapidly creating a huge pauper class where there naturally would be and should be none. Demand is creating supply.

The poor give to the poor through sympathy. The rich give to the poor through pity. The sympathetic poor are many, and so their pennies and food-donations, small in the single, pile up mountainously in the total. But they are sparsely and more or less judiciously, because intelligently, distributed. The very rich are, comparatively though not absolutely, many; and they almost all give what seem to the ordinary run of well-to-do people very large sums. They give as carelessly as freely. Though warned by often-exposed abuses, they never take warning. Each new fraud finds them credulous and eager. Thus pauperization is a vast and thriving industry. It is said, and there is no reason to doubt it, that there are several hundred families on Manhattan Island—enough to populate a small city—that have lived well for years wholly upon charity, no member of them ever doing any work beyond writing begging letters or patrolling begging routes. And in addition, there are thousands of families supported in large part by relief got from rich men and rich women.

Wholesale Charity as a Pastime

TO PLAY Lord or Lady Bountiful is such a self-gratifying part. It is the traditional, the conventional part of the very rich toward the very poor. Beggars are so voluble in thanks. It sounds so well to talk of "my worthy poor," of what "I am doing for charity." So many hours that would otherwise be boresome can be filled with receiving and patronizing cringing, slathering paupers or with nosing about the tenements, receiving on every floor noisy showers of blessings in exchange for less than the price of a supper after the theatre. The whole business quiets the vanity-disturbing doubts that sometimes will arise as to the validity of the distinction in this democracy between "upper class" and "lower classes." In some cases the motive is higher. In many cases there is an admixture of higher motive. But the persistence of the very rich, in face of the plain showings of the harm they do, makes it impossible entirely to acquit large numbers of them.

The pauperization plants of New York City fall into three classes—the public, the semi-public and the private.

The politicians have expanded, where they have not out and out established, the public plants. Instead of making the people realize the truth—that these plants are their property, paid for out of their wages and giving service to them not as charity but as their hard-earned, paid-for right—the politicians turn them into favor-distributing centres, centres for the distribution of favors in exchange for political power. The semi-public plants for the manufacture of paupers are the gifts of very rich men, usually men who made their own money: after the first generation the very rich do not go in for large public gifts, as a rule. It is never profitable or just to examine deep into motives. It is sufficient to say that, with a few exceptions, these semi-public philanthropic institutions for giving something in exchange for nothing are avoided by all but the poor who don't mind thinking themselves paupers or being looked on and treated as paupers.

Some Charities that Do Not Pauperize

THERE are several institutions which must be excepted from the rule—such institutions as the self-supporting, dividend-paying Mills Hotels for poor men, and certain hospitals where the claims of an applicant to charity are scrutinized carefully but in the broadest humanitarian spirit. Also, there are many wisely-managed night schools and trade schools and the like where the self-respect of the recipients of free gifts is never severely, often not at all, trampled or smothered.

Finally, there are the private pauperization plants. From them must be excepted those of the rich men and rich women who have gone into the relief business in a systematic way. Such men as John D. Rockefeller, such women as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, have regularly organized, carefully and competently conducted bureaus. Their theory of helping is not exactly consistent with the old American idea of "root hog or die," but neither is it a mere exploitation of their own personal vanity without any regard to the merits of applicants. They give relief, but they try to make sure that relief is, according to their very liberal notion of necessity, needed. Probably all but a very few of the New York families that are famous throughout the country for wealth have organizations of this kind. But there are several thousand millionaires on Manhattan Island, several hundred of them multi-millionaires; and there are the families having, through the skill of the principal breadwinner, the incomes of multi-millionaires. The overwhelming majority of these go in for philanthropy, not on the carefully organized system, but more or less haphazard giving, with never thorough investigation, often with no investigation whatever.

It seems impossible to make people in the habit of keeping themselves clean believe that dirt is not necessarily or even frequently a proof positive of poverty overwhelmed by adversity against which it has made an honest struggle. And the rich people of New York who like the Bountiful pose refuse to believe that almost all the honest destitution of Manhattan Island is relieved by its neighbors and relatives, that nine out of ten cases of destitution are fraudulent, that all the street beggars are liars, that no one need go hungry or shelterless or cold if he will apply to the public and semi-public institutions ready to relieve. So, we have Lord and Lady Bountiful relieving grown people of the necessity of "hustling," and, worst of all, encouraging them to bring up their children as paupers and beggars.

So scandalous has this industry of pauper-making become that in every highway of New York there are now children openly begging, telling their whining lies of various more or less ingenious kinds, pretending to sell newspapers or pencils or shoestrings to give a color of respectability to their shamelessness, or rather, the shamelessness of their parents.

The past generation—the rustling, hustling, money-grabbing generation—is usually rather shrewd in its philanthropies, as well as generous. The "old man" was a cab driver or a brakeman or a plowboy or a peasant's son. He has poverty's sympathy with poverty, but also poverty's suspicion of the cause of poverty. Thus, New York has got and is getting libraries, hospitals, free dispensaries, free technical schools of various kinds, model tenements and the like. Millions on millions are given annually by New York City's "self-made" men, most of it with wise care. But shrewd as these men are, they often fail to see the difference between the sympathetic, unselfish, man-to-man, individual help they as poor boys got from people of their own kind in better circumstances and this general, unequal, pitying, condescending charity which gives indiscriminately something that is of value only to the self-respecting and too often takes away in exchange all, or nearly all, self-respect.

Still, though these "self-made" men give and give largely and with many mistakes, they have the fear of pauper-making ever in mind. And when they give to individuals they try to be doubly careful.

In the second generation—what used to be, but is no longer, the spendthrift generation—the very rich retrench in the matter of large benefactions. The family name, the family position, is established. None of the members of it has ever known what it is to be hungry or cold without knowing just where to turn for food and warmth. Sympathy, which was the sentiment in the first generation, now becomes pity. Man-to-man is changed into Bountiful and his or her "worthy poor." And we have the pauper-plant in full blast.

Each day every rich man or woman in New York who is at all well known receives large numbers of begging letters. Not from New Yorkers alone, or even, usually, in large part—the New York beggars "work" in other ways. But from beggars in Maine and Texas, in Florida and Washington, in all parts of the Union. They want loans. They want notes or mortgages paid. They want pianos and trousseaus. They want pensions for crippled sons or daughters. Or, they want anything from old clothes to several thousand dollars to buy a farm or a store. The apparent effrontery of these requests disappears as the letters are read and the amazing, even pathetic, simplicity of the writers stands out.

A Paradise for Impostors

CURIOUSLY enough, some of these requests, preposterous though they are, are granted. A skillfully-written letter sent to a certain kind of rich person at just the right moment has been known to produce amazing results. No reader of this article, however, need advise a beggar of his acquaintance to try it. The two cents for postage would be far more likely to bring a return if invested in stock in the mines of the mountains of the Moon—not those in Africa. There are many rich New Yorkers who have every begging letter that is at all reasonable or plausible thoroughly investigated by a secretary—or by some local agent of a corporation in which the receiver happens to be interested. Pity for the "worthy poor" is an extremely potent force in New York.

But it is local pauper-making that has the greatest fascination for the rich New Yorker who does not care to go into charity on the Carnegie or Rockefeller or Morgan scale, or to take the trouble to organize a bureau that works with precision and without any advertising for its owner. The "agony-stories" cooked up by the newspapers are noted, the "slums" are ransacked, the parasites on "charity," both those who honestly deceive themselves and those who deliberately "graft," are eagerly welcomed and listened to. Thus there are a good many thousands of New Yorkers with incomes ranging from twenty thousand to

several hundred thousands a year, each of whom has his or her circle of "worthy poor," or gives regularly to those myriad petty enterprises of misdirected or barefacedly fraudulent charity which enlist the activities of so many "workers."

The women are the most persistent and unreasonable offenders in this respect. Partly through idleness, partly through a craving to have occupation and a sense of usefulness, partly through profound pity for their apparently less fortunate sisters, they pour out capital for pauper-plants and search diligently for "worthy poor" to pauperize

Those who have money, a great deal of money, have a feeling of the horror of being without it which those who have little or no money never have. They who dream of the Wolf have a shaking, shivering, nightmarish terror of him which they who have felt his teeth would laugh at. The second and after generations of the rich, never having learned how to earn a living, feel fundamentally helpless; the familiar companions of the Wolf hate and fear him, but through long acquaintance they have learned from him courage and resource

The Poverty-Stricken Millionaires

THERE is no notable tendency to increased benevolence in the second and after generations of the very rich, under the stimulus of the huge givings by increasing numbers of self-made multi-millionaires. Two other tendencies, however, are marked. Many of the long-very-rich New Yorkers are steadily more shy of any and all kinds of giving. No doubt at bottom this is due to increasing selfishness, increasing absorption in amusements of the wholly selfish kinds. It costs more and more every year to play the rich man's part; more and more imagination is brought to bear in developing it both by rich men eager to find new ways of showing off and by ingenious poor men inventing new ways of making a living out of the rich upon whose extravagances they thrive. The rich man, even where his income is huge, is often pinched. He hates to give—he may find that his giving has compelled him to forego a most attractive investment or has compelled him to abstain from some new expensive luxury or pleasure. He hoards to be ready for such emergencies Then, if he has several children, he wants to leave each of them as rich as possible so that they can all live in the style to which they have been accustomed, the style in which their friends and associates live

For reverence for wealth you must look among the long-very-rich. Those who pass Mammon's statue with a nod or a half-ashamed crook of a reluctant knee will have the pleasure of seeing very, very many of them flat in the dust, noses plowing it, and not a bit ashamed

The Reverse of the Shield

INCREASING reverence for money, the increasing size of the fortune one must have to be honored for wealth, the increasing possibilities of extravagance, all these unite to create this tendency to less giving of every kind

The other tendency in the second and after generations of the very rich is, in sharp contrast, distinctly attractive. It is a tendency to study out ways of being genuinely helpful in the only possible way of helpfulness—the general elevation of the taste and tone and capacity and aspiration of their fellow-beings. Mr. Morgan and Mr. George Vanderbilt—to single out two from many, at the risk of being too personal in the effort to illustrate a point—are types of this class. Mr. Morgan is collecting, for what cannot but be public purposes, works of art of various kinds, and also rare books and manuscripts—a work which, to be done on the scale to produce quick and appreciable effects, must be done by a single rich man working, intelligently and carelessly of money-cost, through the best obtainable agents. Mr. Vanderbilt, by practicing forestry and farming on a scale possible only to a rich man with leisure, and by striving to make his results both practical and public, is doing a valuable work for the most important as well as the most ancient and most backward industry in the world The county fairs everywhere throughout the country are being attended by Farmer Vanderbilt, and the local farmers whom his prize products beat are learning, are being waked up. These men are using their surplus and their brains to give their fellow-men ideas—and ideas never pauperize

If the very rich don't give, the shout is "Stingy! Miser!" If they do give, the shout is "Self-advertiser! Pauperizer!" And often in both cases there is much justice in criticism But any one who has a little imagination and is not ruled by prejudices or by sentimentalities will soon see how difficult it is for a generous man of wealth, with an honest desire to help his fellow-beings, to know just what to do. Beyond question, many of the very rich New Yorkers who have ceased from all kinds of giving have done so simply because they feared they would do more harm than good. "I've come to the conclusion," said one of them not long ago "that the only thoroughly safe way to help others is by investing my money as intelligently as I can in enterprises that offer opportunities for the willing to help themselves" And there's no disputing the fact that business is benevolence of the highest kind. It is a case of give and take, value for value

But the very rich men and women of the type of Collector Morgan and Farmer Vanderbilt probably are the advance guard of the philanthropists of the future. There are many of them now, many in New York, many in other parts of the country, especially in the Middle West. And they do not make paupers, nor do they lay themselves open to the reproach of spending their incomes in the vulgar, selfish life of "gentlemen"

But—it is doubly unfortunate that the rank and file of the very rich should be learning the slow and painful lessons of how, when and where to give, in a city crowded with unassimilated foreigners whose heads are full of caste notions

And the great problem of New York to-day is not "the slums" but the pauper-makers.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

III—The Death Struggle

THE dominant primordial beast was strong in Buck, and under the fierce conditions of trail life it grew and grew. Yet it was a secret growth. His new-born cunning gave him poise and control. He was too busy adjusting himself to the new life to feel at ease, and not only did he not pick fights, but he avoided them whenever possible. A certain deliberateness characterized his attitude. He was not prone to rashness and precipitate action; and in the bitter hatred between him and Spitz he betrayed no impatience, shunned all offensive acts

On the other hand, possibly because he divined in Buck a dangerous rival, Spitz never lost an opportunity of showing his teeth. He even went out of his way to bully Buck, striving constantly to start the fight which could end only in the death of one or the other. Early in the trip this might have taken place had it not been for an unwonted accident. At the end of this day they made a bleak and miserable camp on the shore of Lake Le Barge. Driving snow, a wind that cut like a white-hot knife, and darkness had forced them to grope for a camping-place. They could hardly have fared worse. At their backs rose a perpendicular wall of rock, and Perrault and François were compelled to make their fire and spread their sleeping-robes on the ice of the lake itself. The tent they had discarded at Dyea in order to travel light. A few sticks of driftwood furnished them with a fire that thawed down through the ice and left them to eat supper in the dark

Close in under the sheltering rock Buck made his nest. So snug and warm was it that he was loth to leave it when François distributed the fish which he had first thawed over the fire. But when Buck finished his ration and returned he found his nest occupied. A warning snarl told him that the trespasser was Spitz. Till now Buck had avoided trouble with his enemy, but this was too much. The beast in him roared. He sprang upon Spitz with a fury which surprised them both, and Spitz particularly, for his whole experience with Buck had gone to teach him that his rival was an unusually timid dog who managed to hold his own only because of his great weight and size.

François was surprised, too, when they shot out in a tangle from the disrupted nest and he divined the cause of the trouble. "A-a-ah!" he cried to Buck. "Gif it to heem, by Gar! Gif it to heem, the dirty t'ief!"

Buck was nothing loth. He was crying with sheer rage and eagerness as he circled back and forth for a chance to spring in. Spitz was no less eager and no less cautious, as he likewise circled back and forth for the advantage. But it was then that the unexpected happened, the thing which projected their struggle for supremacy far into the future, past many a weary mile of trail and toil

An oath from Perrault, the resounding impact of a club upon a bony frame, and a shrill yelp of pain heralded the breaking forth of pandemonium. The camp was suddenly discovered to be alive with skulking furry forms—starving huskies, four or five score of them, who had scented the camp from some Indian village. They had crept in while Buck and Spitz were fighting, and when the two men sprang among them with stout clubs they showed their teeth and fought back. They were crazed by the smell of the food Perrault found one with head buried in the grub box. His club landed mightily on the gaunt ribs, and the grub box was capsized on the ground. On the instant a score of the famished brutes were scrambling for the bread and bacon. The clubs fell upon them unheeded. They yelped and howled under the rain of blows, but struggled none the less madly till the last crumb had been devoured

In the mean time the astonished team dogs had burst out of their nests only to be set upon by the fierce invaders. Never had Buck seen such dogs. It

THE TIME HAD COME. IT WAS TO THE DEATH

seemed as though their bones would burst through their skins. They were mere skeletons, draped loosely in draggled hides, with blazing eyes and slavered fangs. But the hunger-madness made them terrifying, irresistible. There was no opposing them. The team-dogs were swept back against the cliff at the first onset. Buck was beset by three huskies, and in a trice his head and shoulders were ripped and slashed. The din was frightful. Billee was crying as usual. Dave and Sol-leks, dripping blood from a score of wounds, were fighting bravely side by side. Joe was snapping like a demon. Once his teeth closed on the foreleg of a husky, and he crunched down through the bone. Pike, the malingerer, leaped upon the crippled animal, breaking its neck with a quick flash of teeth and a jerk. Buck got a frothing adversary by the throat, and was sprayed with blood when his teeth sank through the jugular. The warm taste of it in his mouth goaded him to greater fierceness. He flung himself upon another, and at the same time felt teeth sink into his own throat. It was Spitz, treacherously attacking from the side.

Perrault and François, having cleaned out their part of the camp, hurried to save their sled-dogs. The wild wave of famished beasts rolled back before them, and Buck shook himself free. But it was only for a moment. The two men were compelled to run back to save the grub; upon which the huskies returned from the attack on the team. Billee, terrified into bravery, sprang through the savage circle and fled away over the ice. Pike and Dub followed on his heels, with the rest of the team behind. As Buck drew himself together to spring after them, out of the tail of his eye he saw Spitz rush upon him with the evident intention of overthrowing him. Once off his feet and under that mass of huskies there was no hope for him. But he braced himself to the shock of Spitz' charge, then joined the flight out on the lake.

Later, the nine team-dogs gathered together and sought shelter in the forest. Though unpursued, they were in a sorry plight. There was not one who was not wounded in four or five places, while some were wounded grievously. Dub was badly injured in a hindleg; Dolly, the last husky added to the team at Dyea, had a badly torn throat; Joe had lost an eye; while Billee, the good natured, with an ear chewed and rent to ribbons, cried and whimpered throughout the night. At daybreak they limped warily back to camp, to find the marauders gone and the two men in bad tempers. Fully half their grub supply was gone. The huskies had chewed through the sled lashings and canvas coverings. In fact, nothing, no matter how remotely edible, had escaped them. They had eaten a pair of Perrault's moose-hide moccasins, chunks out of the leather traces, and even two feet of lash from the end of François' whip. He broke from a mournful contemplation of it to look over his wounded dogs.

"Ah, my frien's," he said softly, "mebbe it mek you mad dog, dose many bites. Mebbe all mad dog, sacrédam! Wot you t'ink, eh, Perrault?"

The courier shook his head dubiously. He could ill afford to have madness break out among his dogs, with four hundred miles of trail still between him and Dawson. Two hours of cursing and exertion got the harnesses into shape, and the wound-stiffened team was under way, struggling painfully over the hardest part of the trail they had yet encountered, and for that matter, the hardest between them and Dawson.

The Thirty-Mile River was wide open. Its wild water defied the frost, and it was in the eddies only and in the quiet places that the ice held at all. Six days of exhausting toil were required to cover those thirty terrible miles. And terrible they were, for every foot of them was accomplished at the risk of life to dog and man. A dozen times Perrault, nosing the way, broke through the ice-bridges, and was saved only by the long pole he carried, which he so held that it fell each time across the hole made by his body. But a cold snap was on, the thermometer registered fifty below zero, and each time he broke through he was compelled for very life to build a fire and dry his garments.

Nothing daunted him. It was because nothing daunted him that he had been chosen for Government courier. He took all manner of risks, resolutely thrusting his little wizened face into the frost and struggling on from dim dawn to dark. He skirted the frowning shores on rim-ice that bent and crackled under foot and upon which they dared not halt. Once the sled broke through with Dave and Buck, and they were half-frozen and all but drowned by the time they were dragged out. The usual fire was necessary to save them. They were coated solidly with ice, and the two men kept them on the run around the fire, sweating and thawing, so close that they were singed by the flames.

At another time Spitz went through, dragging the whole team after him up to Buck, who strained backward with all his strength, his forepaws on the slippery edge and the ice quivering and snapping all around. But behind him was

WITH THE AURORA BOREALIS FLAMING COLDLY OVERHEAD

Dave, likewise straining backward, and behind the sled was François, pulling till his tendons cracked.

Again the rim-ice broke away before and behind, and there was no escape except up the cliff. Perrault scaled it by a miracle, while François prayed for just that miracle; and with every thong and sled-lashing and the last bit of harness rove into a long rope, the dogs were hoisted, one by one, to the cliff crest. François came up last, after the sled and load. Then came the search for a place to descend; a descent was made ultimately by the aid of the rope, and night found them back on the river with a quarter of a mile to the day's credit.

By the time they made the Hootalinqua and good ice Buck was played out. The rest of the dogs were in like condition, but Perrault, to make up lost time, pushed them late and early. The first day they covered thirty-five miles to the Big Salmon; the next day thirty-five more to the Little Salmon; the third day forty miles, which brought them well up toward the Five Fingers.

Buck's feet were not so compact and hard as the feet of the huskies. His had softened during the many generations since the day his last wild ancestor was tamed by a cave-dweller or river-man. All day long he limped in agony, and camp once made lay down like a dead dog. Hungry as he was, he would not move to receive his ration of fish, which François had to bring to him. Also, the dog-driver rubbed Buck's feet for half an hour each night after supper, and sacrificed the tops of his own moccasins to make four moccasins for Buck. This was a great relief, and Buck caused even the weazened face of Perrault to twist itself into a grin, one morning, when François forgot the moccasins and Buck lay on his back, his four feet waving appealingly in the air, and refused to budge without them. Later, his feet grew hardened to the trail, and the worn-out footgear was thrown away.

At the Pelly, one morning, as they were harnessing up, Dolly, who had never been conspicuous for anything, went suddenly mad. She announced her condition by a long, heart-breaking wolf-howl that sent every dog bristling with fear, then sprang straight for Buck. He had never seen a dog go mad, nor did he have any reason to fear madness, yet he knew that here was horror, and fled from it in panic. Straightaway he raced, with Dolly, panting and frothing, one leap behind; nor could she gain on him, so great was his terror, nor could he leave her, so great was her madness. He plunged through the wooded breast of the island, flew down to the lower end, crossed a back-channel filled with rough ice to another island, gained a third island, curved back to the main river, and in desperation started to cross it. And all the time, though he did not look, he could hear her snarling just one leap behind. François called to him a quarter of a mile away and he doubled back, still one leap ahead, gasping painfully for air and putting all his faith in François. The dog-driver held the ax poised in his hand, and as Buck shot past him the ax crushed down upon mad Dolly's head.

Buck staggered over against the sled, exhausted, sobbing for breath, helpless. This was Spitz' opportunity. He sprang upon Buck, and twice his teeth sank into his unresisting foe and ripped and tore the flesh to the bone. Then François' lash descended, and Buck had the satisfaction of watching Spitz receive the worst whipping as yet administered to any of the team.

"One dam', dat Spitz," remarked Perrault. "Some day heem keel dat Buck."

"Dat Buck two devils," was François' rejoinder. "All de tam I watch dat Buck, I know for sure. Lissen! Some day heem get mad lak hell an' then heem chew dat Spitz all up an' spit heem out on de snow. Sure. I know."

From then on it was war between them. Spitz, as lead dog and acknowledged master of the team, felt his supremacy threatened by this strange Southland dog. And strange Buck was to him, for of the many dogs he had known not one had shown up worthily in camp and on trail. They were all too soft, dying under the toil, the frost and starvation. Buck was the exception. He alone endured and prospered, matching the husky in strength, savagery and cunning. Then he was a masterful dog, and what made him dangerous was the fact that the club of the man in the red sweater had knocked all blind pluck and rashness out of his desire for mastery. He was preeminently cunning, and could bide his time with a patience that was nothing less than primitive.

It was inevitable that the clash for leadership should come. Buck wanted it. He wanted it because it was his nature, because he had been gripped tight by that nameless, incomprehensible pride of the trail and trace; that pride which holds dogs in the toil to the last gasp, which lures them to die joyfully in the harness and breaks their hearts if they are cut out of the harness. This was the pride of Dave as wheel-dog, of Sol-leks as he pulled with all his strength; the pride that laid hold of them at break of camp, transforming them from sour and sullen brutes into straining, eager, ambitious creatures; the pride that spurred them on all day and dropped them at pitch of camp at night, letting them fall back into gloomy unrest and discontent. This was the pride that bore up Spitz and made him thrash the sled-dog who blundered and shirked in the traces or hid away at harness-up time in the morning. Likewise, it was the pride that made him fear Buck as a possible lead-dog. And this was Buck's pride, too.

Buck openly threatened the other's leadership. He came between him and the shirks he should have punished. And he did it deliberately. One night there was a heavy snowfall, and in the morning Pike, the malingerer, did not appear. He was securely hidden in his nest under a foot of snow. François called him and sought him in vain. Spitz was wild with wrath. He raged through the camp, smelling and digging in every likely place, snarling so frightfully that Pike heard and shivered in his hiding-place.

But when he was at last unearthed, and Spitz flew at him to punish him, Buck flew, with equal rage, in between. So unexpected was it, and so shrewdly managed, that Spitz was hurled backward and off his feet. Pike, who had been trembling abjectly, took heart at this open mutiny, and sprang upon his overthrown leader. Buck, to whom fair play was a forgotten code, likewise sprang upon Spitz. But François, chuckling at the incident, though unswerving in the administration of justice, brought his lash down upon Buck with all his might. This failed to drive Buck from his prostrate rival, and the butt of the whip was brought into play. Half stunned by the blow, Buck was knocked backward and the lash laid upon him again and again, while Spitz soundly punished the many times offending Pike.

In the days that followed, as Dawson grew closer and closer, Buck still continued to interfere between Spitz and the culprits, but he did it craftily, when François was not in sight. With the covert mutiny of Buck a general insubordination sprang up and increased. Dave and Sol-leks were unaffected, but the rest of the team went from bad to worse. Things no longer went right. There was continual bickering and jangling. Trouble was always afoot, and at the bottom of it was Buck. He kept François busy, for the dog-driver was in constant apprehension of the life-and-death struggle between the two which he knew must come, sooner or later; and on more than one night the sounds of quarreling and strife among the other dogs turned him out of his sleeping-robe fearful that Buck and Spitz were at it.

But the opportunity did not present itself, and they pulled into Dawson one dreary afternoon with the great fight still to come. Here were many men and countless dogs, and Buck found them all at work. It seemed the ordained order of things that dogs should work. All day they swung up and

down the main street in long teams, and in the night their jingling bells still went by. They hauled cabin-logs and firewood, freighted to the mines, and did all manner of work that horses did in the Santa Clara Valley. Here and there Buck met Southland dogs, but in the main they were the wild wolf husky breed. Every night regularly, at nine, at twelve, at three, they lifted a nocturnal song, a weird and eerie chant, in which it was Buck's delight to join.

With the aurora borealis flaming coldly overhead, or the stars leaping in the frost dance, and the land numb and frozen under its pall of snow, this song of the huskies might have been the defiance of life, only it was pitched in minor key, with long drawn wailings and half-sobs, and was more the pleading of life, the articulate travail of existence. It was an old song, old as the breed itself—one of the first songs of the Younger World in a day when songs were sad. It was invested with the woe of unnumbered generations, this plaint by which Buck was so strangely stirred. When he moaned and sobbed it was with the pain of living that was of old the pain of his wild fathers, and the fear and mystery of the cold and dark that were to them fear and mystery. And that he should be stirred by it marked the completeness with which he harked back through the ages of fire and roof to the raw beginnings of life in the howling ages

Seven days from the time they pulled into Dawson they dropped down the steep bank by the Barracks to the Yukon Trail, and pulled for Dyea and Salt Water. Perrault was carrying dispatches if anything more urgent than those he had brought in; also, the travel-pride had gripped him, and he purposed to make the record trip of the year. Several things favored him in this. The week's rest had recuperated the dogs and put them in thorough trim. The trail they had broken into the country was packed hard by later journeyers. And further, the police had arranged in two or three places depots of grub for dog and man, and he was traveling light.

They made Sixty Mile, which is a fifty-mile run, on the first day; and the second day saw them booming up the Yukon well on their way to Pelly. But such splendid running was achieved not without great trouble and vexation on the part of François. The insidious revolt led by Buck had destroyed the solidarity of the team. It no longer was as one dog leaping in the traces. The encouragement Buck gave the rebels led them into all kinds of petty misdemeanors. No more was Spitz a leader greatly to be feared. The old awe departed, and they grew equal to challenging his authority. Pike robbed him of half a fish one night and gulped it down under the protection of Buck. Another night Dub and Joe fought Spitz and made him forego the punishment they deserved. And even Billee, the good-natured, was less good natured, and whined not half so placatingly as in former days. Buck never came near Spitz without snarling and bristling menacingly. In fact, his conduct approached that of a bully, and he was given to swaggering up and down before Spitz' very nose

The breaking down of discipline likewise affected the dogs in their relations with one another. They quarreled and bickered more than ever among themselves, till at times the camp was a howling bedlam. Dave and Sol-leks alone were unaltered, though they were made irritable by the unending squabbling. François swore strange, barbarous oaths, and stamped the snow in futile rage, and tore his hair. His lash was always singing among the dogs, but it was of small avail. Directly his back was turned they were at it again. He backed up Spitz with his whip, while Buck backed up the remainder of the team. François knew he was behind all the trouble, and Buck knew he knew; but Buck was too clever ever again to be caught red-handed. He worked faithfully in the harness, for the toil had become a delight to him; yet it was a greater delight slyly to precipitate a fight amongst his mates and tangle the traces

At the mouth of the Tahkeena, one night after supper, Dub turned up a snowshoe rabbit, blundered it, and missed. In a second the whole team was in full cry. A hundred yards away was a camp of the Northwest Police, with fifty dogs—huskies all, who joined the chase. The rabbit sped down the river, turned off into a small creek, up the frozen bed of which it held steadily. It ran lightly on the surface of the snow, while the dogs ploughed through by main strength. Buck led the pack, sixty strong, around bend after bend, but he could not gain. He laid down low to the race, whining eagerly, his splendid body flashing forward, leap by leap, in the wan, white moonlight. And leap by leap, like some pale frost-wraith, the snowshoe rabbit flashed on ahead.

All that stirring of old instincts which at stated periods drives men out from the sounding cities to forest and plain to kill things by chemically-propelled leaden pellets—the blood-lust, the joy to kill—all this was Buck's, infinitely more intimate. He was ranging at the head of the pack, running the wild thing down, the living meat, to kill with his own teeth and wash his muzzle to the eyes in warm blood

There is an ecstasy that marks the summit of life and beyond which life cannot rise. And, such is the paradox of living, this ecstasy comes when one is most alive, and it comes as a complete forgetfulness that one is alive. This ecstasy, this forgetfulness of living, comes to the artist, caught up and out of himself in a sheet of flame; it comes to the soldier, war-mad on a stricken field and refusing quarter; and it came to Buck, leading the pack, sounding the old wolf-cry, straining after the food that was alive and that fled swiftly before him through the moonlight. He was sounding the deeps of his nature, and of the parts of his nature, that were deeper than he, going back into the womb of Time. He was mastered by the sheer surging of life, the tidal-wave of being, the perfect joy of each separate muscle, joint and sinew, in that it was everything that was not death, that it was aglow and rampant, expressing itself in movement, flying exultantly under the stars and over the face of dead matter that did not move

But Spitz, cold and calculating even in his supreme moods, left the pack and cut across a narrow neck of land where the creek made a long bend around. Buck did not know of this, and as he rounded the bend, the frost wraith of a rabbit still flitting before him, he saw another and larger frost-wraith leap from the overhanging bank into the immediate path of the rabbit. It was Spitz. The rabbit could not turn, and as the white teeth broke its back in midair it shrieked as loudly as a stricken man may shriek. At sound of this, the cry of Life plunging down from life's apex in the grip of Death, the full pack at Buck's heels raised a hell's chorus of delight.

Buck did not cry out. He did not check himself, but drove in upon Spitz, shoulder to shoulder, so hard that he missed the throat. They rolled over and over in the powdery snow. Spitz gained his feet almost as though he had not been overthrown, slashing Buck down the shoulder and leaping clear. Twice his teeth clipped together like the steel jaws of a trap, as he backed away for better footing, with lean and lifting lips that writhed and snarled

In a flash Buck knew it. The time had come. It was to the death. As they circled about, snarling, ears laid back, keenly watchful for the advantage, the scene came to Buck with a sense of familiarity. He seemed to remember it all—the white woods, and earth, and moonlight, and the thrill of battle. Over the whiteness and silence brooded a ghostly calm. There was not the faintest whisper of air. Nothing moved, not a leaf quivered, the visible breaths of the dogs rising slowly and lingering in the frosty air. They had made short work of the snowshoe rabbit, these dogs that were half tamed wolves, and they were now drawn up in an expectant circle. They, too, were silent, their eyes only gleaming and their breaths drifting slowly upward. To Buck it was nothing new or strange, this scene of old time. It was as though it had always been, the wonted way of things

Spitz was a practiced fighter. From Spitzbergen through the Arctic, and across Canada and the Barrens, he had held his own with all manner of dogs and achieved to mastery over them. Bitter rage was his, but never blind rage. In his passion to rend and destroy he never forgot that his enemy was in like passion to rend and destroy. He never rushed till he was prepared to receive a rush; never attacked till he had first defended that attack

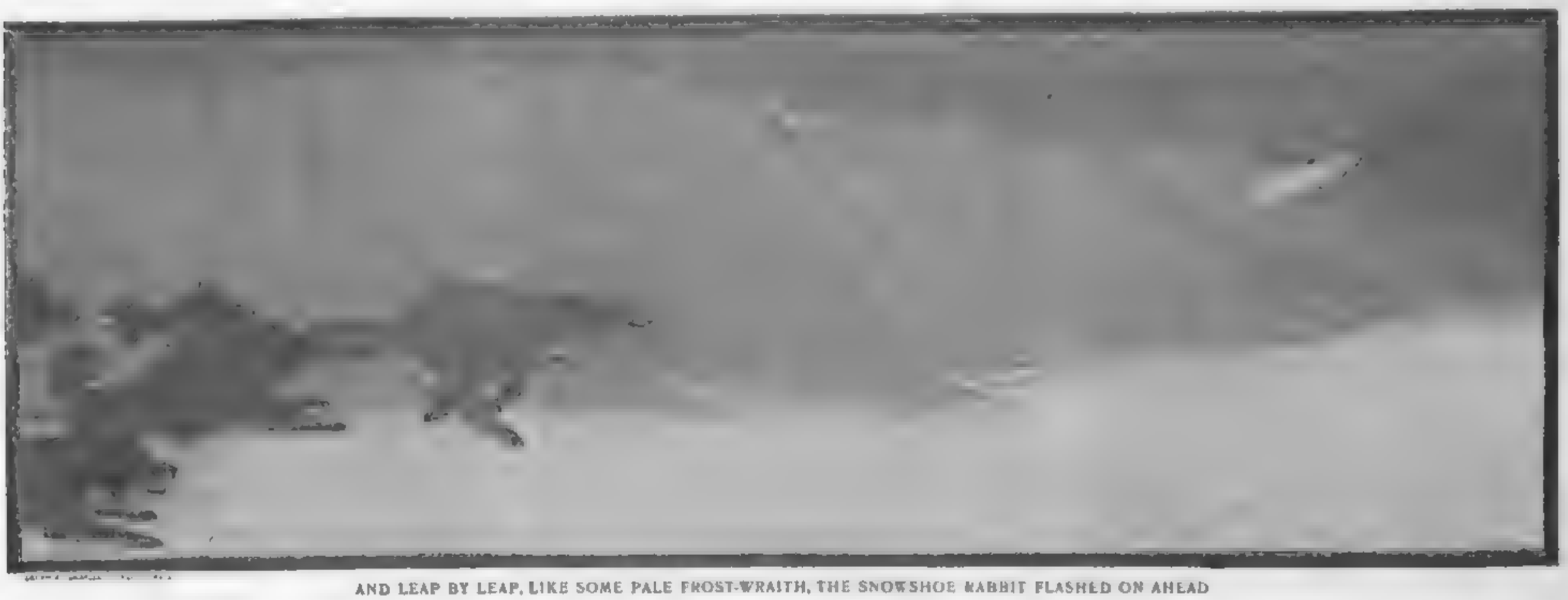
In vain Buck strove to sink his teeth in the neck of the big white dog. Wherever his fangs struck for the softer flesh they were countered by the fangs of Spitz. Fang clashed on fang, and lips were cut and bleeding, but Buck could not penetrate his enemy's guard. Then he warmed up and enveloped Spitz in a whirlwind of rushes. Time and time again he tried for the snow-white throat where life bubbled near to the surface, and each time and every time Spitz slashed him and got away. Then Buck took to rushing, as though for the throat, when, suddenly drawing back his head and curving in from the side, he would drive his shoulder at the shoulder of Spitz, as a ram by which to overthrow him. But instead, each time Buck's shoulder was slashed down as Spitz leaped lightly away.

Spitz was untouched, while Buck was streaming with blood and panting hard. The fight was growing desperate. And all the while the silent and wolfish circle waited to finish off whichever dog went down. As Buck grew winded, Spitz took to rushing, and he kept him staggering for footing. Once Buck went over, and the whole circle of sixty dogs started up, but he recovered himself, almost in midair, and the circle sank down again and waited

But Buck possessed a quality that made for greatness—imagination. He fought by instinct, but he could fight by head as well. He rushed as though attempting the old shoulder-trick, but at the last instant swept low to the snow and in. His teeth closed on Spitz' left foreleg. There was a crunch of breaking bone, and the white dog faced him on three legs. Thrice he tried to knock him over, then repeated the trick and broke the right foreleg. Despite the pain and helplessness, Spitz struggled madly to keep up. He saw the silent circle with gleaming eyes, lolling tongues and silvery breaths drifting upward, closing in upon him as he had seen similar circles close in upon beaten antagonists in the past. Only this time he was the one who was beaten.

There was no hope for him. Buck was inexorable. Mercy was a thing reserved for gentler climes. He manœuvred for the final rush. The circle had tightened till he could feel the breaths of the huskies on his flanks. He could see them, beyond Spitz and to either side, half-crouching for the spring, their eyes fixed upon him. A pause seemed to fall. Every animal was motionless as though turned to stone. Only Spitz quivered and bristled as he staggered back and forth, snarling with horrible menace, as though to frighten off impending death. Then Buck sprang in and out, but while he was in shoulder had at last squarely met shoulder. The dark circle became a dot on the moon-flooded snow as Spitz disappeared from view. Buck stood and looked on, the successful champion, the dominant primordial beast who had made his kill and found it good.

(Continued on Page 19)



AND LEAP BY LEAP, LIKE SOME PALE FROST-WRAITH, THE SNOWSHOE RABBIT FLASHED ON AHEAD

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happy lovers keep no diary.

¶ The art of pleasing is to seem pleased.

¶ The Monroe doctrine needs no doctorin'.

¶ It is easier to be a hero than to look like one.

¶ Faith in the fealty of others is often founded on vanity.

¶ It is the kind of toys that differentiates old age from infancy

¶ A machine is doing its best work when it makes the least noise.

¶ They say it is hard to be poor; yet most people find it easy enough

¶ In spite of strikes and lockouts the wages of sin keep about the same

¶ The impatient heir generally discovers that where there's a will there's a wait

¶ A woman without curiosity may be dull company, but she makes a good neighbor.

¶ "A good reputation," remarked the nail keg philosopher, "would be invaluable to a thief."

¶ The story of how you did will have auditors, while the tale of how you didn't must be told to empty chairs.

¶ One letter is often important. It makes lots of difference whether it is an office or an officer that is seeking the man.

If England Put Up the Bars

SOME apprehension was expressed in England lest the adoption of the Chamberlain scheme of imperial protection should lead to retaliation by the United States. Of course the idea of "retaliation" in its literal sense was absurd. We could have had no cause of complaint against Great Britain for paying us the compliment of imitation by adopting our own policy.

But it may be well for our British friends to realize that the effects inherent in the very nature of the Chamberlain scheme, and indeed deliberately sought by it, would be practically equivalent to American retaliation. For instance, Great Britain now buys from us something over a hundred million bushels of wheat a year, divided between grain and flour. It would not, as many think, be impossible, or even very difficult, to secure the production of this whole amount in Canada. It could all be raised without trouble on twelve thousand square miles of land—about one sixth of the area of Manitoba. But suppose it were, what then?

Seven or eight million acres of American land now devoted to raising wheat for British consumption would be devoted to something else—perhaps to grazing, or to corn and fodder, whereby provisions would be made cheaper in the United States. From fifty to a hundred thousand farmers, farm laborers and mill workers would be forced into other occupations. Many of them no doubt would be employed in manufactures and their products would compete with British goods in all neutral markets. Or perhaps they might stick to wheat-growing, and make up for the loss of their British customers by offering inducements in the way of lower prices to stimulate a larger consumption elsewhere. In any case the result would be that England's industrial rivals, with this country at their head, would have a new and powerful weapon in international competition. Their workers would have cheaper food while the food of the British workman became dearer. If the British manufacturer is barely able to hold his own in South America, Asia and Africa now, what would be his position then?

Yet unless the Chamberlain plan could produce these results, it would be a failure. Its very purpose is to transfer the business of furnishing Great Britain's food supply from the United States to Canada, and to do it at higher prices, without which the plan would have no attractions for the Canadians. Dearer food for the British workman and the diversion of a considerable amount of American energy from wheat growing to other forms of productive activity are, therefore, of the essence of the scheme. Whether this prospect would be attractive to the British taxpayer is a question he himself would have to answer.

The Class and Mass Delusion

WE ARE hearing a great deal about "growing distinctions between class and mass" nowadays. Many are "viewing with alarm" and "deeply deploring" such evidences of it as, to use the most often cited instance, the increasing tendency of well-to-do parents to send their children to private school instead of, as formerly, to public school.

There may be, there probably is, something in this. But the viewers with alarm seem to miss the point. It is not the "mass" that is going to suffer by this imported passion for exclusiveness; it is the "class."

Democracy is as much to-day the law of our social order as gravitation is of our physical order. Any plan to defy democracy in the interest of certain people has about the same chances of success that a plan to suspend the law of gravitation in certain circumstances would have. Those who don't like democracy will, if they are wise, either leave the country or adjust themselves *and their children* to its conditions. For, if they stay and put themselves out of harmony with the existing and unalterable order, their children will be punished for it, though they themselves, through obedience in their earlier lives, may escape the worst consequences of their folly

The part of the oncoming generation that is trained in democracy is the part that will survive and prosper and progress. The part that is bred in exclusiveness and caste-feeling is going to be bitterly discontented and deplorably unprogressive certainly, and in all probability, except in a few rare cases, downright unprosperous.

The Other Side of Boodling

IT HAS been a bad year for the boodlers and grafters in every part of the country. The mayor of a large city, certain members of a legislature, a few aldermen, officials connected with an important department of the Government and others are either in jail serving their sentences, or are out on bail waiting for new trials, or are under indictment with the probability of conviction. No six months in the country's history has seen such a legal round-up of political malefactors. The result is bound to be useful, for the penitentiary is an object-lesson that forces its impressiveness upon even the crudest understanding

But there is another side of boodling that does not come out quite so conspicuously, but which is, after all, the most important part of the problem. The foolish little rascals who are getting caught are the effect; the cause is to be found in the proclivity of corporations of large capital and small conscience to buy legislatures and contracts without regard to the law or to the right. If they did not exist, if they did not pay the money, if they did not work their schemes, boodling would not live for a single minute. It is the argument of the corporations that they must use these means to gain their ends. They shift the responsibility by declaring that the only way to get their bills and favors through is to buy them through. They express the deepest regret over the alleged necessity, but they fall back on the consolation that they are practical men dealing with conditions and not with ethics

It is passing sad that the boodling corporations cannot be hauled into court and made to suffer for their sins. But after all, we need not be hopeless in the matter. Justice has a way of reaching results outside of the law even when it is balked in the law. We have several instances of recent occurrence Those who manage corporations have confessed that the price of boodling has risen to such figures that they can no longer afford it. The man who accepted ten dollars at first soon raised his price to a hundred and on upward to thousands The price of an election, which was cheap, grew like Jonah's gourd overnight. The expense of the whole business has multiplied in every direction. In one city a corporation has published a statement that it will no longer put up money for party managers or legislatures, and that it will take its chances without spending a dollar for corrupt purposes.

These eleventh-hour confessions are entitled to no praise They come because they have been forced by the cost of their own wickedness. But they show the other side of boodling with a clearness that is as significant as it is conclusive. And the satisfaction of it is in the proclamation that the corrupt dollar has its limitations and that the buying of weak men may become too expensive even for the plutocrats.

It was Balzac, was it not, who wrote the story showing the terrible revenge of the coward? It is the corrupt corporation that tells the story of the enormous cost of its own creature—the plundering politician.

Our Duty at Panama

AS WE push forward to the building of an Isthmian Canal in the tropics we should not forget certain historic truths

First—In all time, ancient and modern, no work of any size has ever been done in or near the tropics *except by slaves under the lash*

Second—The Isthmus of Panama is near the heart of the tropics and has one of the very worst climates in the world, both as to heat and as to disease

Third—The Suez Canal lies far to the north of the Panama latitude, has a far better climate, was a comparatively easy work. Yet in building it the lash swung all day long and the wretched slaves died like flies. Had Egypt not then been furious despotism, the canal probably could not have been built.

Fourth—All the labor for Panama must be imported, will therefore be unacclimated. In digging the part which we have now bought the French imported their labor, practically enslaved it, with difficulty resisted the scandal and outcry caused in France by the pestilence-like mortality—the slavery was winked at, as in the case of Suez.

If we can keep laborers alive at Panama, can keep them at work without enslaving them and driving them to their tasks under the lash, we shall achieve a wonderful triumph

Our contracts with the sub-contractors must have very carefully-drawn labor clauses, not as to hours or wages, but as to slavery and the lash

Some Deceptive Figures

IN THE reaction from the panic over the "American invasion" English writers are taking much comfort from a recent article in one of the reviews showing that on a per capita basis England is still at the head of the list of trading nations and the United States at the foot. They think that this shows that the commercial prosperity of America has been greatly overrated

It would be cruel to deprive a friend of such a consolation as this, but possibly a little further reflection may show the optimistic Britons one or two points which they have overlooked. It is true that the foreign trade of the United States is less in proportion to the population than that of England But carry the idea a little further. Suppose the United States included all of North and South America, would not its foreign trade be smaller than it is now? Suppose it included Europe? Suppose it included the whole world—then it would not have any foreign trade at all, and, presumably, would be sunk in the depths of commercial stagnation.

It is a simple fact, although one that apparently is not as obvious to some minds as it should be, that the larger and the more self-sufficing a given commercial area is, the less need its people will have to trade outside their borders. Undoubtedly the volume of products passing in and out of the State of New York is larger than that passing in and out of the whole United States. In other words, the State of New York, if its trade were computed separately, would rank as one of the greatest commercial powers of the world. It may be doubted whether its commerce would not match that of England herself, not only per capita but absolutely. The fact that the greater part of this commerce is domestic does not alter its character as an evidence of business power and energy.

The real test of a nation's commercial activity is not its foreign exchanges, nor even the trade from district to district, or from city to city. It is the trade from man to man—the imports and exports of the individual. It is the trade itself, not the question whether it crosses this or that political boundary. And of this primary, fundamental trade, the true measure is the rate of wages. The men who sell their labor at the highest prices can make the largest purchases.

THAT'S THE TIME

When Proper Food Is Necessary.

Proper food is never more necessary than when recovering from a wasting sickness, when over-eating would be fatal and yet the body needs nourishment and plenty of it.

At this time the condensed food Grape-Nuts is shown to be one's most powerful friend. Four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will sustain a healthy man for half a day and a less quantity in warm milk will build up the convalescent wonderfully. No stomach is too weak to digest and relish Grape-Nuts. "I was taken sick with Typhoid fever and everyone who has had this disease knows how weak and lifeless a person feels when beginning to recuperate.

"I had to be very careful about my diet and could eat only very light foods. These did not seem to nourish me and instead of getting better every day I was just at a standstill and everyone began to fear a relapse. One day while lying in bed very much discouraged, my sister, who was reading to me from the paper, read an article about Grape-Nuts and we decided to send for a package.

"From the very first meal of Grape-Nuts I began to improve, strength came in bounds and leaps, with the result that I was soon out of bed; my change for the better seemed simply marvelous. My mind is clear and strong and my body sturdy. I am now entirely recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Talks With a Kid Brother

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Work and Other Dissipation

SO YOU didn't expect a call from me this evening? Awfully glad? Well, you needn't be so flurried about it. Why, Dick, your hand is as cold as ice; what's the matter with you! Look rather rocky and pale. It's really very bad to work all the time and not have any fun in life. Judging from your reports, I did not suppose you had been troubled in just that way, but—you certainly do look worn out. Your athletic business and close application to your books are a little too much, I suppose.

As you know, I don't believe in giving younger brothers advice, but you won't mind if I offer a little fraternal warning against running a good thing like work into the ground. You will wreck your health and spoil your capacity for work if you keep on at the present apparent rate. What success is worth the price of your bodily well-being? After all, college life is only a preparation for real living and real work; but, don't you see, if you work so hard in college as to undermine your constitution, what kind of work will you be good for afterward? Think of the future! You will be graduated from college to a rest cure and from rest cures to a sanitarium, and from there to a home for incurables! Think of that, Dick! (no wonder you fidget in your chair), all because you hadn't sense enough to let good enough alone; thought it a fine thing, a manly thing, to overindulge yourself—in work! I didn't think it of a brother of mine!

Why, it has affected your eyes, hasn't it? or is the light too strong? You keep turning them away. Sit over there where you won't be bothered. Stretch out on the divan and take a rest from your studies—you need it. There, isn't that better, in the dark?

Now, some years ago there was a fellow here, a brilliant student like you, who used to study all the time—don't be so nervous and self-conscious; it's a worthy ambition—and this man was one of the keenest fellows who ever came to college; but the trouble with him was that he did not care for anything except the one thing he could do best. His friends used to warn him, but he would only say "What nonsense!" and go on with his work. His specialty was moral philosophy. He took a fellowship and went abroad, became the favorite pupil of the famous Professor Lotze at Gottingen. He hobnobbed and swapped theories of the universe with all the big Herr Philosophers over there, and came back chock full of stuff about the ego and the sense of oughtness. Strangely enough, despite his German influences, he was dead against the modern evolutionary tendencies in ethics—said sense of oughtness was innate, not merely a product of empiricism.

Several American universities set their caps for him—one of them offered him a full professorship to start with—but he suddenly decided to go into the law. Sense of oughtness told him he ought to, I suppose. Thought that the legal forum offered the greatest opportunities for his analytical powers and the study and influence of men's motives. He became a brilliant young brief-writer in a large law firm downtown. Did not go into court, spent all his time in the firm's library writing briefs with rare power. Did not mix with other men any more than he could help—scowled when any one came into the library. The firm put up with his eccentricities because he was such a good worker. He did nothing but work; was the first one down in the morning and the last to leave at night. He took no exercise. His only diversion was church work. He became superintendent of the Sunday-school—though he wasn't very good at that—and was a hard-working member of the committee which put through the building of a brand-new and not very ugly church edifice which cost a pile of money. When he was not preparing briefs or hustling with church matters he was writing articles on "What is Conscience?" and doing similar intellectual gymnastic stunts. He did not care even for indoor exercise.

Well, about that time, as it happened, a series of acts of vandalism began to take place in the church. It aroused tremendous indignation, and even the cold, brilliant young lawyer took more than an abstract scholarly interest in the "phenomena." Nothing was stolen—things were merely smashed. It was apparent to him, he said, that the acts were performed by some one who was deficient in the moral sense in a peculiar way—some one who was not so much immoral as nonmoral. The elders said, "Moral sense or no moral sense, wait till we get hold of 'em!"

One night the brand-new cushions of the pews were ripped open; another time the pipes of the organ were plugged up. The preacher of the church delivered a sermon about it, and the young lawyer wrote an article about it for the editorial page of one of the papers—one of his fine, analytical masterpieces, which did not stop the dirty work but helped to advertise it. The session despaired of doing anything with detectives; they organized squads of watchers among themselves. "I think it is eminently sound to deduce from the data in hand," said the keen young lawyer, wagging a long forefinger in his earnest, impressive manner, "that the author of these acts is acquainted with the ins and outs of this edifice and has access thereto." They agreed with him, and, as the acts continued despite their caution and nightly vigils, they dismissed the sexton, though the lawyer said that for his part he was convinced that John, the sexton, was innocent, and hoped eventually to "adduce convincing evidence thereof." The trustees said, "Oh, well, it was up to him to have caught 'em, anyhow—going on under his very nose—so we fire him for that."

By this time the whole town was stirred up over it; even the rival churches did not like it. The papers were full of it. At last the lawyer said that he would show them "a very simple solution of the apparently difficult problem." It had been observed that he had been studying the question night and day to the exclusion of all other interests. "And when he applies that great mind of his to a thing," as one of the elders remarked, "something's bound to come." He bade them hide that night, which was Saturday night, in the organ loft. They had frequently done that before to no purpose, but they had such confidence in the quiet-mannered young man that they determined to try it.

So that night they lay low in the dust and darkness, which was disagreeable and mysterious; the lights from the street coming through stained glass only made it more mysterious. But they were used to that and did not feel it until suddenly at midnight, just as the clock in the tower overhead was announcing the beginning of another Sabbath day to be kept holy, a tall figure came down the aisle. It was covered with some sort of ghostly gown, and seemed to be carrying a flickering candle and a bucket. They saw the mysterious form cautiously approach the pulpit. Upon it, to their horror, they now saw appear in phosphorescent paint the letters R-a-t-s. Then the intruder turned and began tearing leaves from the Bible. The watchers had softly descended the stairs. As they silently hurried toward the scene of the desecration, the vandal leaned over with his candle and set fire to the pile. As they sprang in upon him the flame burst up and flared full upon the face of their brilliant lawyer, who raised his hand and said: "But the funny thing about this is that I have a keener moral sense than any of you. Do I make myself clear?"

The watchers stood aghast. Even now they did not believe him to be the one they were after. "Worry over the affair," they whispered to one another, nodding nervously.

He heard them. "What rot," said he; "or, as the pulpit has it, 'Rats.' I am a moral being, a free agent."

"Oh, this is too much—impossible!" groaned a good gray old elder, breaking down.

"A perfectly natural mistake on your part," the smiling young lawyer replied, with condescending glibness. "I thought it was impossible myself—I wondered if I could. I puzzled over it for months. I tried it. I find I can. It is my greatest discovery."

"We cannot believe you!"

"Go tell John. He will corroborate me. He refused to tell before, which showed a

Editor's Note—This is the next to the last paper in Mr. Williams' series.

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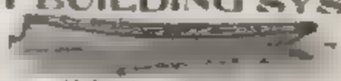

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I invite my pupils to ask questions with the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

Waking up to the Fact

that it's a very remunerative and uncrowded profession.

Next fall and winter there will surely be any number of good positions seeking competent ad-writers. Begin *now* and I'll have you ready for one of them.

Now, remember the demand is not for those who can string together a few high-sounding words, and who have but a smattering of types. The market is full of that kind. But storekeepers and manufacturers everywhere are seeking really well-informed men and women to prepare and place their business-bringing publicity—well-trained men and women who know how the subject can be most profitably handled. In short, for the kind of advertising people I am graduating.

Just a moment! Is that only idle brag—talk of the same character as that you've read perhaps many times before? Then let the records prove the truth of that statement by the successes my graduates have uniformly made. And this interesting and important fact: This school

Never Lost a Student

because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *It has enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

That's not because as an advertising man I am better than all others—there are doubtless many men that are abler than I. But my *system* is superior—superior, because by it pupils are guaranteed personal instruction; because I am conscientiously and constantly studying the requirements of each pupil; because that pupil is taught as if he, or she, were the only one I had.

Of course, by my methods I can't teach as *many* people as some institutions. Nor do I intend to try. I am seeking by this announcement to enroll just enough to keep me busy this summer. Do you wish to become a pupil? Write to me and we'll talk about the terms.

ELMER HELMS

114 Fifth Avenue, New York

deficient moral sense in John—or as Hegel would put it—

They led him away. He was right about John, as it proved

"And yet, you know," he said to the head attendant when they took him to the insane asylum, where he is to-day, "I believe I fooled my sense of oughtness worst of all!" and laughed heartily over his discovery

Now, you see, if he had only mingled more with other fellows and had taken a little exercise now and then—but you see what comes of too much study. Why are you wriggling around now? A great mistake if I think you are poling too much? But can't I see with my own eyes the dark rings under yours? Polers so often pretend not to be polers. There was Poler Perkins, and Poler Stevenson, and Poler Stacy. Poler Stacy's case was quite different

What's that? Oh, you want to tell me something? Not very polite for a kid brother, seems to me; you'll have to wait till I finish. Poler Stacy got sick of the monotony of poling and the ignominy of being called a poler. One evening he was invited to dine at one of the upper-class clubs and tried to give the illusion of being a good fellow, as he conceived it; told a lot of futile little stories and performed sorry antics which certainly made the fellows laugh, and he thought they were laughing at his humor, not his absurdity—until on leaving the club he heard a bit of conversation through an open window which opened his eyes and kept them open all that night; with the result that along about noon of the next day, having cut all his lectures meanwhile, he was desperate. "They smile at you, do they?" he said to himself in the glass; "well, we'll show 'em, we'll show 'em once for all!" and he stalked out of the room, slammed the door and, scowling devilishly, strode over to a place called "Scuds," where certain of his classmates were wont to gather of an afternoon in spring term for a glass of bock beer.

They were amazed when they saw Stacy march in, and they looked it.

"I'll show you," thought Stacy, and hammered on a table for a waiter, scowling terribly.

"Beer, sir?" said the waiter, mopping the table

"Beer! No. I want some whisky."

Then he buried his face in a newspaper to hide the blush upon it. Also, he thought that this would look like the real thing, especially as he had put his feet on a neighboring chair.

"Here! why do you bring me a little glass like that?" he growled at the waiter. "I want a big glass." Suddenly the others seemed to see something funny out of the window.

"A high ball, sir?"

"A what?" The thing outside was still funnier.

"A high ball?"

Stacy did not know whether or not the waiter was impudently trying to guy him, but he was sure the others were listening. He would show himself the match of any waiter. "Bring me a hot Scotch," he said calmly, and tried to look abstracted. He had read about "hot Scotches" in novels.

"That ought to impress them," he thought; and so it did, for it was a warm, sunny day.

They were still more impressed when he ordered a second and a third and a fourth. But each time it was a different impression. At first it seemed ludicrous, then pathetic, and finally quite disgusting.

What's the matter, Dick? Don't you want to hear about this? It is queer, I admit. So I'll cut it short. There could not have been any fun in it even for him, for he immediately—what do you call it?—"drew a blank," fell into a stupor. As soon as it was dusk they walked him over to his room. They opened the door for him and he staggered across the threshold and fell into the arms of his mother. She had been waiting to see him for over an hour.

Under the circumstances you might think she would blame it upon his "evil companions" who brought him home, and who stayed to help her. But she did not. She just stood there stunned and broken-hearted and kept saying, as she fanned him, "Why, he's the pride and ambition of the family—the pride and ambition of the family," and all that, and told them how she had always trusted her boy—and all that. It was a ghastly scene and they only perspired worse than the drunken man, and made no reply. Perhaps they were thinking

Why, what's the matter, Dick? Am I taking too much of your time? You want to speak to me about something? Well, fire away. It's your turn now. Won't prize [illegible] want me to break it gently? No? What is it, then? Anything to do with that cigarette you're tearing to bits?

What? . . . So that's it! . . . Go on . . . Out with it . . . And you took too much

Summoned before the faculty this afternoon eh? . . . And they are to give you their decision to-morrow . . . um . . . No, I don't think they will dismiss you from college entirely—if this is really the first time . . . They have a right to suspend you, though . . .

If you don't mind, I don't care to hear how it happened—won't interest me a bit. Maybe it was because you wanted to show the gang, like Poler Stacy. I'd hate to think so [illegible] it would be worse in your case, because you are popular and prominent already, and, moreover, know that that sort of thing does not endear you to anybody. Maybe it was because you were temporarily insane, like that young lawyer and wanted to show yourself what it was like; only there would be less excuse for you to act like an idiot because you are a thoroughly healthy, normal person. Or maybe you just plain forgot and abused conviviality, which is too fine a thing to be intrusted to weaklings or brutes. Or maybe you don't know just how you happened to make a d——d fool of yourself. At any rate, it's none of my business and I don't want to know. No excuse would cut any ice with me, and what's more, they are all too old to have any effect upon the Discipline Committee. I'm mighty glad you did not offer any of them. I'm glad you just said it was so and that you had no explanation for it. They rather liked that.

You needn't look surprised. I knew all about it when I came here this evening. That's why I came. But you were too much up in the air at first. To tell the truth, you weren't very anxious to speak of it to me. So I tried to take your mind off the subject for a while to get you calmed down by telling you of a man in a much worse hole than yours. Then I told you about Poler Stacy's hard luck to bring you back to business.

What? No, I haven't any influence with the faculty; nothing I could do or say would affect their decision one way or the other. If they make up their minds to ship you, you go.

Rather steep price, you say, to pay for your fun? Huh. I haven't been thinking of you. I was thinking that you might not be the one to pay dearest for it. What do I mean? 'Tisn't the sort of thing one likes to speak of out loud; I was merely thinking—oh, well, to be sure, it can't be as bad as Poler Stacy. She won't actually *see* you that way. But, all the same, if an official notice comes home from the dean: "I regret to be obliged to inform you that your son is hereby suspended for a term of three weeks for——" Pretty tough in that way, isn't it? All out of a clear sky, too. Yep, pretty tough. You've got such a good rep. at home, you know.

Fool? Well, I should say so. Yes, all that too—yes, go on, it's good, sound, healthy remorse. But if you know it already why do you ask me? I'll say yes to everything you say about yourself, but, seems to me, that doesn't do much good. What's up to you now is to see that it does not happen again as long as you are a boy at college whose beer as well as his books are paid for by his daddy. How about that business aspect of it, Dick? 'Tisn't quite square, is it?

No, I wouldn't quite say that your life is ruined. There have been worse things in history. You have a chance. "All is not lost." Those two men I told you about—one of them of course is done for, but the other has become a useful and respected citizen. So there's a chance even for you. I still believe in you.

Yes, the notice from the dean will surely go home—if you do. It will get there ahead of you, if it goes at all. But mabye it's not going. No, I did not say they were going to suspend you. I merely pointed out what might happen. Now, as a matter of fact, I understand that they are going to let you off because this is your first offense. Yes, that's straight. No, I had nothing to do with it. They liked the way you talked—and mean to give you a chance. Yes, I should think you *would* feel relieved. But remember what it means if you ever make a fool of yourself again. Remember who will be made to suffer for it. That is the reason I ask you not to let it happen again. And that is the reason, and the only reason, I believe you won't let it happen again. Your "sense of oughtness" wouldn't keep you straight any more than the fear of [illegible]

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On a hot summer day to quench your thirst and thoroughly refresh you,
Drink
Hires
Rootbeer
A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents. Beware of imitations. Patent Stopper Bottles, for making Hires Rootbeer, 50 cents per dozen pints.
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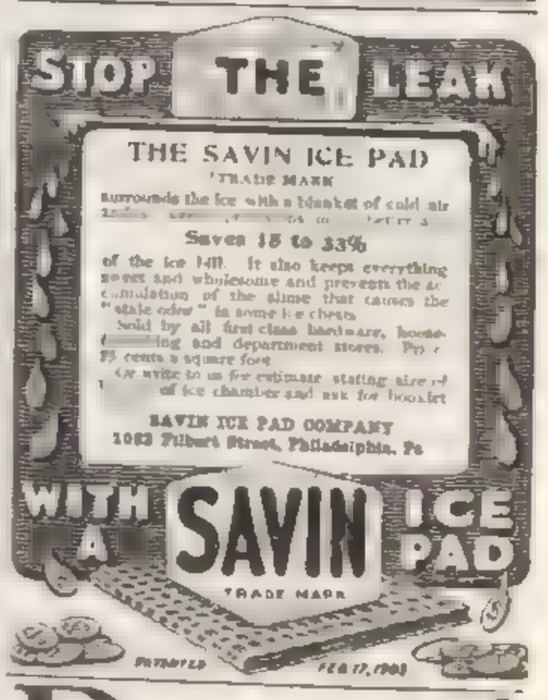

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STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

A Fable for Reviewers

THE other day I dreamed a dream. Before me sat a reviewer of books. And he was reviewing three novels. And methought that the authors of the three novels stood outside his window and writhed because of his reviews; for they were venomous.

And I said to the reviewer: "Why do you say these things of these books? that this one is unworthy to be read and that is too dry and that the other is pernicious, and that all are utter rot? Do you not see the authors writhing outside of your window?"

And he made answer: "I had not seen them, but let them writhe. I have read two hundred books in twenty days and have written reviews of them all; and if I can cause an author to writhe by what I say of his book it is no more than simple justice."

Then in my dream I spoke further to the reviewer while the authors were still writhing outside his window, and I said: "Suppose that you had written a book and these authors were called upon to review it. What would you that they should do: cause you to writhe at their maledictions or to beam at their appreciations?"

And the reviewer said: "I had not thought on that side of it, but of a truth I would like better to beam than to writhe."

"Now for your sins," said I, "I will change you to a writer of advertisements and I will change these authors to merchants who are striving to make an honest living."

Then in my dream I waved my finger at him and he became a writer of advertisements and wrote:

"Mr. Brown's new automobile marks the climax of his lack of inventive faculty. It is badly constructed, its motive power is poor, and it is absolutely unworthy of public patronage."

Of the next merchant he wrote:

"White a new cracker, I Want One, is on the market, and it is the driest, most insipid thing that was ever crumbled up for chickens. It would mar the lunch of any picnic, and no man having tasted one will ever buy another unless he wants to choke to death."

Of the third merchant's product he wrote:

"Mr. Green has introduced a new tonic which he calls Bray-supp. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a noxious dose and that its influence cannot fail to be harmful to all those taking it. One bottle may be bought by a wise man; if he buys a second he is a fool."

When he had made an end of writing I looked to see if the former authors, now merchants, were writhing and they were not. They were all empowering lawyers to bring suits for libel against the writer of advertisements, and he was writhing rhythmically.

Then in mercy I changed him back to a reviewer and I turned the merchants into authors busy with new books.

And the reviewer said: "Of a surety you have opened my eyes. I now see that I have no business to be injuring the chances of success of other men of like fashion with myself. Hereafter I will review only those books that I like."

And days passed by in my dream and the reviewer read and read and read.

But his pen was idle.

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

MOTHER

By Zona Gale

I wish I had said more. So long, so long
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear;
I knew you craved the words you did not hear;
I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and strong,
Was wistful that it might not do the wrong.
And all its wistfulness and all its fear
Were in your eyes whenever I was near.
And yet you always went your way with song.

O prodigal of smiles for other eyes
I led my life. At last there came a day
When with some careless praise I turned away
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.
Ah, now it is too late for me to pour
My vase of myrrh—would God I had said more!

The BLOCK LIGHT *for HOME use* is now ready.

Without question the greatest light science and inventive genius has ever produced. The Block Light Burner can be used with city gas, natural gas and gasoline gas. Easy to adjust—once adjusted cannot be disarranged. It is guaranteed to produce a light of 150 candle power—equal to ten incandescent electric light bulbs.

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Four Times the Light
AT LESS THAN **Half the Cost**

The Block Light will give four times more light than any other light in your home, no matter what its name or nature. Any other light you may [illegible] waster compared with the Block Light. [illegible] special introductory offer we will send, [illegible] the complete Block Light—Burner, Mantle and Globe [illegible] can attach to any gas jet in your home and test it. Money refunded if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

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When ordering please state the character of gas you are using

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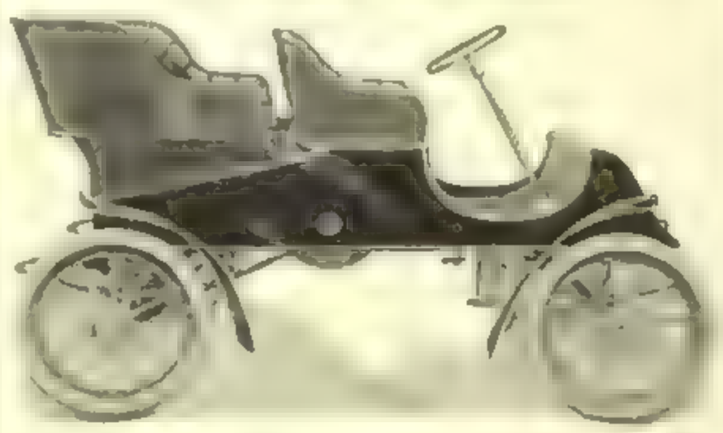

The FORDMOBILE with detachable tonneau, *$850*

THIS new light touring car fills the demand for an automobile between a runabout and a heavy touring car. It is positively the most perfect machine on the market, having overcome all draw-backs such as smell, noise, jolt, etc., common to all other makes of Auto Carriages. It is so simple that a boy of 15 can run it.

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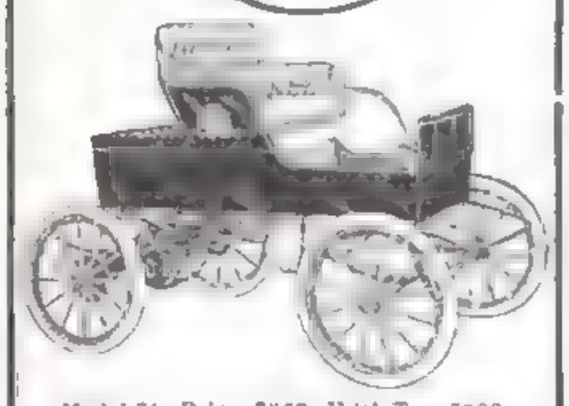

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FOREST FIRES

THE forests are burning. The air is spicy with the smell of burning wood and leaves. At night long lines of fire blaze tremulously against the black background of sky.

Safe in the retreat of a country house, the city summer visitor regards these sights and smells as one of the attractions of the landscape, the villager as the inevitable accompaniment of the season. Every spring the same spicy vapors, the same glimmering lights on the hills. All up and down the Atlantic Coast, over thousands and thousands of square miles of forest, the same sort of fires are burning, and people are saying that [illegible] advanced, because spring and [illegible].

What a change of sentiment there would be if people should climb the hills, penetrate the burned forest and find out what has actually taken place there! The charred boles of the trees, with the leaves on the lower limbs wilted and drooping; the underbrush and shrubs all gone; the earth black, reeking with smoke, with naked stones projecting — such sights would give them only a faint idea of the great harm done. The forest is not dead, but serious harm has been done it. The growth of the trees has been checked, their vitality lowered, they are less able to resist the next fire and more liable to be overturned by the wind. Holes have been burned in the bark, disease will enter; wood and bark beetles will get in, and sooner or later the injured tree will succumb, to make more litter and furnish breeding places for [illegible] disease. Moreover, many small and tender seedlings that were coming up to form the next crop are entirely dead. The leaves, the moss and the humus (decomposed vegetable matter) have been burned away. The naked soil, dry and unprotected, is no longer able to retain much moisture; and when rain falls, the ground washes.

And this destruction is going on all over the East, the South, the West and the North, in one season or other, while little attention is paid it until it begins to threaten improved property. This year the East has suffered most. The reports show an unusually heavy destruction of property. The woods were dry and the small fires, neglected as they always are, quickly became conflagrations. In the Adirondacks, fires, besides burning over thousands of acres of forest lands, have destroyed summer hotels, cottages, lodges, farmhouses and cattle; have driven out the game from game preserves, and have even claimed human victims. Long Island for weeks was ablaze with forest fires from one end to the other, and only the efforts of the farmers and owners of private estates, fanned by the threatened danger of their improved property, prevented the burning over of all the timberlands. In Pennsylvania, especially in the oil regions, the fires were very bad; millions in property have been destroyed and hundreds of refugees have been driven into the larger towns. Several sawmills and coal plants have been destroyed. A recent dispatch from Montreal read that "terrible forest fires are raging" about fifty miles north of that place and that a village had been destroyed. "The inhabitants are leaving their animals and possessions a prey to the flames and are fleeing farther north for safety."

A few months ago an agent for the Bureau of Forestry, happening by chance to be in Southern Washington and Northern Oregon at a time when an extensive forest fire was burning there, was ordered to make a careful study of the damage done. After several weeks of investigation he returned a report, based on a field survey of the burned districts, declaring that the damage amounted to twelve million dollars. This fire occurred in a single limited district and lasted about a week. If it had not been accompanied by a considerable loss of life it would have passed with little notice except by the lumbermen.

The Bureau of Forestry, calculating from the very meagre and imperfect data at hand, has declared that the annual damage from forest fires amounts to at least fifty million dollars. Staggering as the sum appears, it is undoubtedly far too small. The damage to improved property, live stock, and to timber which at present has a merchantable value, does not nearly cover the case against forest fires. There remain to be considered the incalculable destruction to the young growth

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CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, DENVER,
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"They improved at once and have drank Postum ever since and mother, who used to be bothered with nervousness and sleeplessness particularly, is in splendid health now. She says the change came entirely from drinking Postum and leaving off coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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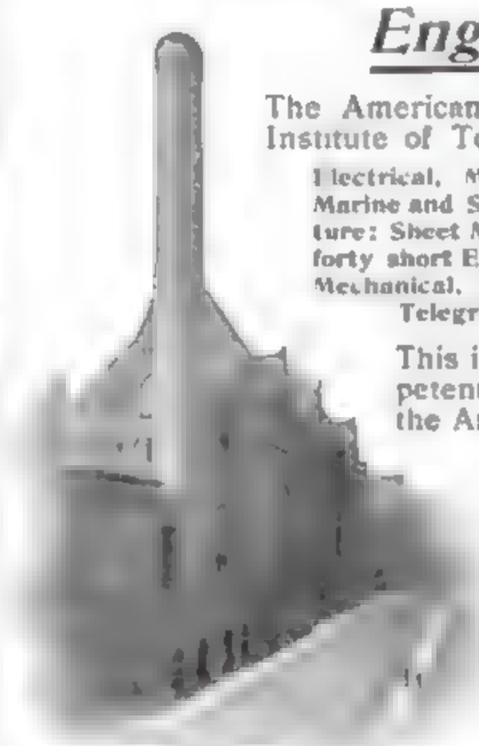

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which at present has no market value but would ultimately become valuable, the timber diseases that follow fire, the drying up of springs and the ruin of watercourses, to the irreparable harm of the irrigation lands.

The comparative immunity of European forests from fire furnishes an instructive contrast to our own conditions. Doctor Fernow states that within the last twenty-five years the acreage destroyed by fire in Prussia and Bavaria rarely exceeds .005 per cent. each year of the total forest area under State control. So small is the fire damage in the German forests that there are several insurance companies which do a business in insuring forests from fire at a rate of from .45 to .4 on the thousand. The rates vary with the age, species (conifers are more likely to burn than hardwoods), and with local danger. In the United States forest-fire insurance is comparatively unknown. The risk is so great as to make necessary rates that would be prohibitive.

The difficulties of thorough protection of forests from fire in the United States can be appreciated only by those who have had to deal with the problem. Such protection is, in many cases, not to be recommended. It would be costly out of all proportion to the returns it would secure. But wherever the conditions are such that fire protection is an absolute necessity for the perservation of timber that is valuable either for its own sake or for its influence on the waterflow, some scheme of fire prevention should be put into operation. In well-settled communities at least ninety per cent. of the forest fires that occur could be either prevented altogether or put out before they had done considerable harm. The best plan, either in State lands or on private estates, is always to make some one directly responsible for fire damage who shall put out the flames before they have gained great headway. Every great forest fire was a little fire until it was neglected, and might easily have been suppressed if some one had seen it and been responsible for it. A little back-firing, or a fire line, cleared and well guarded, would have stopped the mischief.

In India the English foresters found conditions for the prevention of forest fires far more unfavorable than they are in this country, yet the forest fires there have been greatly reduced. The annual expense of protecting from fire 30,000 square miles in India is never more than ten dollars a mile; yet in 1895 only eight per cent. of the forest was damaged. Forest protection on private and State lands in this country must come by State legislation, of which there has been very little, and that little has, for the most part, failed of success. Pennsylvania furnishes a notable exception. There forest-fire laws are based on the principle that it is better to prevent fires first than to attempt to put them out afterward. An efficient system of employing firewardens who are responsible for all forest fires occurring within their districts is supplemented by the law requiring county commissioners to appoint men to ferret out and punish persons who cause forest fires.

Fire is the great problem with which forestry has to deal. In every working plan for the management of a tract of timberland the forester has to reckon with the fire peril. Unless he can assure an adequate system of protection at a cost low enough to justify his employing it, he cannot recommend any system of forest management. The matter of fire protection limits every scheme of conservative management.

Such management is based on the idea of taking less now for the forest in order that more may be secured later; and if there is great danger that later fire may destroy the forest, it would be better to lumber the whole tract immediately than to take chances of losing the producing capital.

Induced by the great need of a thorough and systematic study of the fire problem, the Bureau of Forestry sent out last spring several parties into the South and West to make accurate studies on the ground of forest fires, to learn how they are caused, how much damage they do, and how they may be prevented or put out. When the study has been completed the Bureau will be in a position to recommend forest-fire legislation to each of the States studied that desires such information.

—*Edward A. Bramff.*

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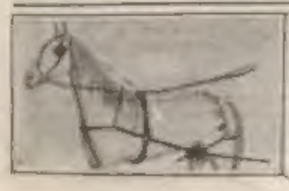

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31 Kay St., Pendleton, Ind.

The Countess Decides

(Continued from Page 5)

"Now, madam, what have you to say? *Are* you the Countess of Croydon?"

The young lady's eyes had opened as he read. Parker's countenance remained unmoved, as if she were a feminine sphinx.

"What is the rest of the letter?" asked the girl.

"That is neither here nor there."

"It is quite evidently there. May I suggest that it is an inventory of the Countess' possessions? Are you chagrined to learn that your proposal was wasted on the undeserving?"

"I asked you if you are the Countess of Croydon?"

"I reply that I never said I was."

"That reply will not do, madam. The honor of my family is at stake."

"Your family has nothing to do with me."

"I begin to suspect that my family has indeed nothing to do with one who pretended to be a member of it."

"Your memory fails you. I disclaimed all relationship when you asserted it."

"I asserted it under the supposition that you were the Countess."

"Very well. No harm is done. I did not take advantage of your offer. I never said I was the Countess, and so long as I pay my hotel bill no one has a right to interfere."

"You are very much mistaken. Such masquerading is not to be tolerated."

"I am leaving here the day after to-morrow and I sail from Suez a week from to-day. I ask you to say nothing of this until I am gone."

"I refuse."

"I have injured no one. I ask you not to spoil my holiday."

"I refuse."

"Then this confession must be made in my own way and I must choose the person who is to set the gossips a-prattling."

"I agree, so long as it is done at once."

"Parker, go down and ask Mr. Sanderstead to come here."

The maid departed, and the alleged Countess leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes again.

"Who *are* you?" asked his lordship, but the girl made no reply. A moment later Sanderstead came in, his imperturbable face giving no indication of the surprise he felt.

"Will you read to Mr. Sanderstead the extract from your London letter that you read to me?"

"Mr. Sanderstead has nothing to do with my correspondence. You were to make your confession, as I understood your proposal."

"Lord Warlingham has discovered that I am not the Countess of Croydon."

"Oh, is that all," said Sanderstead; "I knew it almost from the beginning."

The lady sat up now, very wide awake.

"How did you know it?" she asked in surprise.

"Well, you had none of those middle-class deficiencies of manner which I have often deplored in the titled persons I have met. I recognized at once that you were a lady."

"Then that is what you hinted at twice this evening. I wish to say before you both that I meant no harm and did not see at the first what complications might ensue. I may say at once that I had the Countess' permission to do what I have done; indeed it was owing to her urging that I did it. I can prove that to you, Lord Warlingham, in her own handwriting. I may plead in my own defense that I have devoted my life to the welfare of the Countess, and she would be the first to acknowledge that. It has been a somewhat dreary and retired life. Often I have persuaded her to emerge into the world and as often she has refused, at the last moment, much to my disappointment. On this occasion I confess I wept when I found her determined not to go to Egypt. With great generosity she insisted that I should take her place. I admit that I have done wrong technically, perhaps, but I deny that I have done any real harm, and I have asked Lord Warlingham to say nothing until I sail from Suez a week from to-day."

"Of course nothing will be said either then or after," proclaimed Sanderstead stoutly.

Lord Warlingham stood silent for a moment, then, his anger being somewhat cleared away, he echoed:

"Of course."

The lady sprang to her feet with radiant face.

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"You are both very good to me. Lord Warlingham, I ask your forgiveness, and I deeply appreciate your promise of silence. Won't you shake hands with the adventuress and say you are sorry I sail so soon."

"Indeed, madam," said Warlingham cordially taking her hand, "I do say so with all my heart, and I wish you well."

"And are you sorry, Mr. Sanderstead?" she cried with a touch of fear and pathos in the eyes she turned upon him.

"No, I am not."

The lady caught her breath and the color left her cheeks.

"Oh, I say, Sanderstead," protested his lordship.

"Why should I be sorry when I sail on the same steamer, if the lady permits me." He took her hand and raised it to his lips. Lord Warlingham adjusted his eye-glass and beamed upon them with a smile half tender, half comical. He was an experienced man and knew the signs.

"Is this a case of 'Bless you, my children'?" he asked.

"Again, if the lady permits."

The color came back redoubled and brought with it a smile to the lady's lips.

. . . . . .

Yet she *was* the Countess, after all.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

IV—Who Has Won to Mastership

(Continued from Page 11)

"EH? Wot I say? I spik true w'en I say dat Buck two devils."

This was François' speech next morning when he discovered Spitz missing and Buck covered with wounds. He drew him to the fire and by its light pointed them out.

"Dat Spitz fight lak hell," said Perrault as he surveyed the gaping rips and cuts.

"An' dat Buck fight lak two hells," was François' answer. "An' now we make good time. No more Spitz, no more trouble, sure."

While Perrault packed the camp outfit and loaded the sled, the dog-driver proceeded to harness the dogs. Buck trotted up to the place Spitz would have occupied as leader; but François, not noticing him, brought Sol-leks to the coveted position. In his judgment, Sol-leks was the best lead-dog left. Buck sprang upon Sol-leks in a fury, driving him back and standing in his place.

"Eh? Eh?" François cried, slapping his thighs gleefully. "Look at dat Buck. Heem keel dat Spitz; heem t'ink to take de job."

"Go 'way! Chook!" he cried; but Buck refused to budge.

He took Buck by the scruff of the neck, and though he growled threateningly dragged him to one side and replaced Sol-leks. The old dog did not like it, and showed plainly that he was afraid of Buck. François was obdurate, but when he turned his back Buck again displaced Sol-leks, who was not at all unwilling to go.

François was angry. "Now, by Gar! I feex you!" he cried, coming back with a heavy club in his hand.

Buck remembered the man in the red sweater and retreated slowly; nor did he attempt to charge in when Sol-leks was once more brought forward. But he circled just beyond the range of the club, snarling with bitterness and rage; and while he circled he watched the club so as to dodge it if thrown by François.

The driver went about his work, and he called to Buck when he was ready to put him in his old place in front of Dave. Buck retreated two or three steps. François followed him up, whereupon he again retreated. After some time of this François threw down the club, thinking that Buck feared a thrashing. But Buck was in open revolt. He wanted, not to escape a clubbing, but to have the leadership. It was his by right. He had earned it, and he would not be content with less.

Perrault took a hand. Between them they ran him about for the better part of an hour. They threw clubs at him. He dodged. They cursed him, and his fathers and mothers before him, and all his seed to come after him down to the remotest generation, and every hair on his body and drop of blood in his veins; and he answered curse with snarl and kept out of their reach. He did not try to run away,

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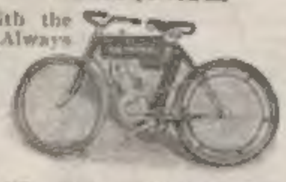

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but retreated around and around the camp, advertising plainly that when his desire was met he would come in and be good.

François sat down and scratched his head. Perrault looked at his watch and swore. Time was flying and they should have been on the trail an hour gone. François scratched his head again. He shook it and grinned sheepishly at the courier, who shrugged his shoulders in sign that they were beaten. Then François went up to where Sol-leks stood and called to Buck. Buck laughed, as dogs laugh, yet kept his distance. François unfastened Sol-leks' traces and put him back in his old place. The team stood harnessed to the sled in an unbroken line, ready for the trail. There was no place for Buck save at the front. Once more François called and once more Buck laughed and kept away.

"T'row down de club," Perrault commanded.

François complied; whereupon Buck trotted in, laughing triumphantly, and swung around into position at the head of the team, his traces were fastened, the sled broken out, and with both men running they dashed out on to the river trail. Highly as the dog-driver had forevalued Buck, with his two devils, he found, while the day was yet young, that he had undervalued. At a bound, Buck took up the duties of leadership; and where judgment was required, and quick thinking and quick acting, he showed himself the superior even of Spitz, of whom François had never seen an equal.

But it was in giving the law and making his mates live up to it that Buck excelled. Dave and Sol-leks did not mind the change in leadership. It was none of their business. Their business was to toil, and toil mightily, in the traces. So long as that was not interfered with they did not care what happened. Billee, the good-natured, could lead for all they cared, so long as he kept order. The rest of the team, however, had grown unruly during the last days of Spitz, and their surprise was great now that Buck proceeded to lick them into shape.

Pike, who pulled at Buck's heels, and who never put an ounce more of his weight against the breastband than what he was compelled, was swiftly and repeatedly shaken for loafing; and ere the first day was done he was pulling more than ever before in his life. The first night in camp, Jo, the sour one, was punished roundly—a thing that Spitz had never succeeded in doing. Buck simply smothered him by virtue of superior weight, and cut him up till he began to whine for mercy.

The general tone of the team picked up immediately. The team recovered its old-time solidarity, and once more the dogs leaped as one dog in the traces. At the Rink Rapids two native huskies, Teek and Koona, were added; and the celerity with which Buck broke them in took away François' breath.

"Nevaire such a dog as dat Buck!" he cried. "Nevaire! Heem worth one t'ousan' dollair. Eh? Wot you say, Perrault?"

And Perrault nodded. He was ahead of the record then, and gaining day by day. The trail was in excellent condition, well-packed and hard, and there was no new-fallen snow with which to contend. It was not too cold. The temperature dropped to fifty below zero and remained there the whole trip. The men rode and ran by turn, and the dogs were kept on the jump.

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It was a record run. Each day for fourteen days they had averaged forty miles. For three days Perrault and François threw chests up and down the main street of Skaguay and were deluged with invitations to drink, while the team was the constant centre of a worshipful crowd of dog-busters and mushers. Then three or four Western bad men aspired to clean out the town, were riddled like pepper-boxes for their pains, and public interest turned to other idols. Next came official orders. François called Buck to him and cursed him through excess of affection, threw his arms around him, wept over him. And that was the last of François and Perrault. Like other men, they passed out of Buck's life for good.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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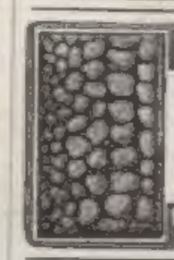

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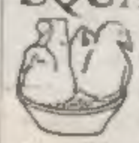

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MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for our Pocket Encyclopædia.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 60 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.